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THE "COUNTRY LIFE"  
ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE



# The "Country Life" Anthology of Verse

*Edited by*

P. ANDERSON GRAHAM

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## PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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**A**LL the poems in this volume originally appeared in the pages of "COUNTRY LIFE," but since their appearance many have been included in volumes published by the authors, and in that case where any important variation of text has occurred the author's latest version has been followed.

Our thanks are due to all authors and publishers for their willing and, in many cases, enthusiastic co-operation. Among them we may mention:—Miss Jane Barlow; H. H. Bashford; Mr. Laurence Binyon (Elkin Mathews); Mr. Robert Bridges; Miss Isabel Butchart; Mrs. Frances Cornford; Mr. William H. Davies; Mr. Walter de la Mare (Constable & Co.); Sir George Douglas, Bart.; Mr. John Drinkwater (Sidgwick & Jackson and David Nutt); Madame Duclaux; Miss Agnes S. Falconer; Fiona Macleod [William Sharp] ("Poems and Dramas," W. Heinemann); Mr. Robin Flower (Locke Ellis); Lady Glenconner; Mrs. W. E. Henley; Mr. Laurence Housman; Mrs. Violet Jacob ("Songs of Angus," John Murray); Frederic Manning; Lady Marzials; Mr. T. Sturge Moore (Grant Richards); Sir Henry Newbolt ("Poems New and Old," John Murray); Lady Margaret Sackville; Mr. Iolo Aneurin Williams, and others.



## INTRODUCTION.

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**I**N the pages of "COUNTRY LIFE" all aspects of the country, its activities, sports and pleasures are described. But mostly in its poetry is to be sought the imaginative side of life and rural beauty. During the course of years, many poets of established fame have contributed to its pages, others who have since attained to distinction sent it their earliest verses, and, last of all, verses from unknown contributors have made their appearance in its post-bag from all parts of the world, and have been printed whenever individuality and fine taste were shown. The one criterion applied to them has been that of worth and sincerity.

At the request of many readers we are publishing a long-delayed selection from these poems. At first glance, it may seem inopportune to do this when our country and nearly all Europe are bowed under a dark war cloud. But experience has shown that in times of greatest stress what is real in poetry comes as a solace because it cor-

responds with the depth, tenderness, and emotional force evoked by stress and grief. Soldiers in the trenches have developed a hitherto latent taste for poetry, just as they have shown a resurgence of religious feeling. "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength"; and it is in the pure realm of imagination that so many find inspiration and hope to meet the new stern life this hour has brought us. Poetry, unless passionate, morbid and personal, takes the reader away from the tumult and the shouting. It has found peace in accomplished art.

In this anthology there are poems to suit many tastes, but there are none given over to vague, ill-defined emotion or any merely fanciful sentimentality. There are poems for to-day of "the lads who have gone to the war," and of those who will come back no more. The poems of loss and regret will appeal to the many who have heard the beating of the wings of the Angel of death. And it is hoped that the beautiful poems of our countryside, of our grey seas and tumbling burns will be read with joy by soldiers far from the home and land where their hearts are. May they prove to be pictures as intimate to their hearts as the remembrance of dear familiar faces.

The making of the anthology has been a novel and interesting task. It was not easily done.

Few pleasures exceed that of bringing before the world an exquisite piece of literary work, be it in prose or in verse. Memory is gladdened with the thought of it for long afterwards. But turning over back numbers is to invite disappointment as well as pleasure. A bit of landscape that looked exquisite in fresh morning light does not always retain its charm through a change of season, and there are things little noticed at first which one comes to recognise as possessing a homely and unfading beauty. The spiritual atmosphere also changes, and what was pleasing in days of peace does not always satisfy the sterner demands of war. Nor does it always need so rude a change to alter the values. In the great storehouses of literature the sifting process of generations has told us what will please, comfort and sustain in any circumstances, but these little coins of fancy had to be judged then and there on their merits. The question had to be answered on the spot. Is it black and white, white and black, or a glory of gold? But it would be too much to expect pure gold every time. Rather let us rejoice over every little glint of it !

P. A. G.

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“ We are the Music Makers.”

*One man with a dream, at pleasure,  
Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;  
And three with a new song's measure  
Can trample an empire down.*

*We, in the ages lying  
In the buried past of the earth,  
Built Nineveh with our sighing,  
And Babel itself with our mirth.*

*From the “Music Makers,” by Arthur O'Shaughnessy*





## WRITING.

Black and white when the heart is light,  
When the spring is young and the dream is new,  
Ere the spirit faint or the body rue—

Black and white.

White and black in a goodly stack,  
And a cry to Her who shall be obeyed :  
“ Have I made a book ? ”—“ You have only made  
White and black . . . ”

Black and white, through the days of right,  
To the wasting sword and the cleansing flame ;  
And a prayer : “ Is it only less of the same  
Black and white ? ”

The beat of wings, and Her voice : “ Behold ! ”  
A glory, a wonder, a wild delight ;  
And, lo, on a page of black and white,  
Gleam of gold !

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

## THE BIRTH OF A SONG.

Silence and listenings,  
    Passionate, tense ;  
Stirring of unseen wings  
    Just beyond sense.

Beat of approaching wings,  
    Swiftly they throng,  
Out of the heart of things  
    Flutters a song.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

## SYMBOLS.

I saw history in a poet's song,  
In a river-reach and a gallows-hill,  
In a bridal bed, and a secret wrong,  
In a crown of thorns : in a daffodil.

I imagined measureless time in a day,  
And starry space in a wagon-road,  
And the treasure of all good harvests lay  
In a single seed that the sower sowed.

My garden-wind had driven and havened again  
All ships that ever had gone to sea,  
And I saw the glory of all dead men  
In a shadow that went by the side of me.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

## TO RHYME.

*(From a poem by Carducci.)*

Rhyme, that Troubadour unfolded  
    When he moulded  
O'er the reams his courtly art,  
Falleth yet in notes that twitter  
    Gleam and glitter  
From the ploughman's merry heart.  
Slips a rhyme to lass from lover,  
    When they hover  
Gaily whirling in the measure ;  
Rhyme to join them in their turning,  
    In their burning  
Hope and unforgetting pleasure.  
Gladly, too, is Rhyme beleaguer  
    Of the eager  
Heart, a-pant for evening mirth ;  
If the foot of singing reaper  
    Through the deeper  
Darkness, beat the listening earth.  
She hath chanted in the fight  
    Roland's might  
Ground to dust at Roncesvalles,  
And hath breathed along the horn  
    Night and morn  
The great name that fills the valley.  
Then the charger's mane she claspeth,  
    Tightly graspeth,  
Rough and black, in war's array  
'Mid the pennons then she fareth,  
    And declareth  
Cid's undying stirrup-lay.

In Rhone's river swiftly fleeting  
    She in greeting  
Battle-dusty locks immergeth,  
And the nightingales outvying,  
    Sweetly sighing,  
For Toulouse her song she urgeth.

And by Rudel's rudder standing,  
    She commanding,  
Steered the love-led argosy ;  
Led the kiss to lover dying  
    From the sighing  
Countess, Maid of Tripoli.

Lo, she turned to other stories,  
    Other glories :  
Learnèd Dante made her even ;  
Led her down to lands infernal,  
    And the eternal  
Mountain climbed, and flew to heaven.

Hail her, Empress of the Muses ;  
    Who refuses  
Her the crown of every art !  
Pray to her, a flower she bringeth ;  
    Love she singeth ;  
But for Hate hath she a dart.

J. B. TREND.



## The Days of War.

*A man must go to the war upon the account of duty, and expect the recompense that never fails brave and worthy actions, how private soever, or even virtuous thoughts—the satisfaction that a well-disposed conscience receives in itself in doing well. A man must be valiant for himself, and upon account of the advantage it is to him to have his courage seated in a firm and secure place against the assaults of fortune.*

*Michel de Montaigne. (Cotton's translation.)*

*Then the drum,  
Lo ! was dumb,  
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered,  
“ Lord, we come ! ”*

*Bret Harte.*





## PASSOVER.

The doors of life are two ;  
And, on some midnight still,  
The Lord shall pass your way, and do  
According to your will.

For, lo, if your desire  
Be set upon the hearth,  
There He will kindle you a fire,  
Pleasant and of the earth ;

And you shall take delight  
For ever in that flame,  
But not again shall come a night  
When He will call your name.

Or, if you count it sin  
That darkness wrap His shrine,  
His breath shall light instead therein  
The spark that is divine ;

No shelter from the cold,  
No ease it shall afford—  
But by that gleam you shall behold  
The glory of the Lord.

Now choose you ! . . . nor forget,  
Choosing this last alone,  
The blood upon your lintel set  
For sign, must be your own.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

## THE FLEETS.

Are you out with the Fleets through the long, dark night  
Admiral Drake ?

Are you keeping watch, when with never a light  
They patrol the seas and wait for a fight ?

In that far South Sea were you standing by,  
Admiral Drake ?

Did your masthead catch that wireless cry ?  
Did you in sorrow watch them die ?

Once more at the guns do your gunners strain,  
Admiral Drake ?

Do their voices ring o'er the decks again,  
" Have at them, boys ! " in the old refrain ?

When the shining death leaps through the wave,  
Admiral Drake,

Are your boats all out in a rush to save ?  
Do you stand to salute the death of the brave ?

Are there others out on the heaving blue,  
Admiral Drake ?

Are Collingwood, Blake and Nelson, too,  
In their high-decked ships, along with you ?

Oh, seamen of old, the shadowy gates  
Swing wide to let you through,  
And out o'er the seas your galleons sweep  
To fight for the flag anew.

M. G. MEUGENS.

## TERRITORIALS.

Where are the lads who went out to the war ?  
*This year, and last year and long, long ago—*  
With eyes full of laughter and song on their lips—  
(Our sad hearts flew after as birds follow ships !)  
*Where are they now, do you know ?*

Some sleep in Flanders and some sleep in France,  
*This year, and last year, and long years to come—*  
And under the rampart that guards far Stamboul  
Some are camped in a rest deep and cool,  
*And they heed not the bugle and drum !*

They'll come, though not all ! They will come from the  
war !—  
*This year or next year, or early or late—*  
And come well or wounded, come many or few,  
They will bring back their honour, their faith high and  
true  
*Or will bear it to Paradise Gate.*

AGNES S. FALCONER.

## THE DEFENDERS.

His wage of rest at nightfall still  
    He takes, who sixty years has known  
Of ploughing over Cotsall hill  
    And keeping trim the Cotsall stone.

He meditates the dusk, and sees  
    Folds of his wonted shepherdings  
And lands of stubble and tall trees  
    Becoming insubstantial things.

And does he see on Cotsall hill—  
    Thrown even to the central shire—  
The funnelled shapes forbidding still  
    The stranger from his cottage fire ?

JOHN DRINKWATER.

## THE WYKHAMIST.

In the wake of the yellow sunset one pale star  
Hangs over the darkening city's purple haze.  
An errand-boy in the street beneath me plays  
On a penny whistle. Very faint and far  
Comes the scroop of tortured gear on a battered car.  
A hyacinth nods pallid blooms on the window sill,  
Swayed by the tiny wind. St. Catherine's Hill  
Is a place of mystery, a land of dreams.  
The tramp of soldiers, barrack-marching, seems  
A thing remote, untouched by fate or time.  
. . . A year ago you heard Cathedral's chime,  
You hurried up to books—a year ago ;  
—Shouted for " Houses " in New Field below.  
. . . You . . . " died of wounds " . . . they  
told me  
. . . yet your feet  
Pass with the others down the twilit street.

NORA GRIFFITHS.

## THE WOOD AT SUCY.

*July, 1915.*

Warm woods all wet with rain  
Where no winds stir,  
Wide heavy boughs of plane,  
One springing fir,  
Slanting its crest awry,  
Athwart a stormy sky.

There on the topmost bough  
A loriot swings,  
Pure gold—but listen, now,  
So sweet he sings,  
Loud, brief, a bugle-note  
Gold as his golden throat.

How lonely feels the wood !  
All brooding peace,  
Moisture and solitude ;  
Yet, without cease,  
Dull cannon-echoes throb,  
The deep Earth seems to sob.

Nay, it is scarce a sound—  
So hoarse, so grave—  
That travels underground  
Like a spent wave.  
Whose last, weak echoes tell,  
How, at the mouth of Hell,  
All day the German bombs on Soissons fell.

MARY DUCLAUX.

ST. LUKE'S SUMMER, 1914.

St. Luke, you're very high in Heaven,  
With crown and palm and sins forgiven . . .  
And talk with our Lord God alway,  
    And *Agnus Dei*.

Pray Mary Queen, if it may be,  
To send St. Bridgit down to me,  
Nor leave the tender newly-born  
    And me forlorn.

And then I shall not have one fear,  
Or wish at all to keep you here . . .  
You may be off whole-hearted then,  
    To help the men.

Withal, you've made your summer sweet,  
Rolling your apples to my feet . . .  
And you've so much to do this year—  
    St. Luke, my dear.

G. JAMES.

## IN A KENTISH VILLAGE CHURCH.

*August 15th, 1915.*

Hard by this scene they cast the guns, that blazed  
When Marlborough and his men went forth to war  
Upon the Lowland plains ; the charcoal fires  
Have long been cold ; the iron undisturbed  
Lies where the red corn waits the harvesters,  
And hops in delicate patterns swiftly climb ;  
They have no guns to give to-day ; but all  
They have, they give—the men their present stay,  
The boys, their hope for all the future hours.  
Up the one street the old folk slowly move  
To find their peace, where prayer is made ; the Church  
Has aisles invisible, where village lads  
Now by the Nile, or windy Trojan plain,  
In God are very near.  
Soon through the trees the crescent moon will gleam  
Like burnished copper on the homeward road,  
Where village girls walk back from Church alone.

EDWARD SHILLITO.



### THE WATCHER.

There's a step gone from the hill,  
And a boat gone from the shore ;  
And the watcher watches still.  
But never, as of yore,  
Shall a step come to the door,  
Or a hand lean on the sill :  
For the manly brow is chill,  
And the brave heart beats no more.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

## REFUGE.

There is a land of long ago  
Beyond the drift of tears,  
A land where magic rivers flow,  
Where winds from lonely eyries blow  
Adown the waiting years.

I had forgotten where it lay  
Upon what star-locked seas,  
And how by day, each blossomed day  
Bloomed like a rose, and died away  
In nights more fair than these.

But now when Fear is over all  
And Horror leaves its lair,  
My soul goes forth beyond recall  
And like a bird, when shadows fall,  
Nests with the things of air.

And there, unweeping and unwept,  
In that remembered shade,  
It sleeps as it may once have slept,  
Or keeps the vigil that it kept  
Before the earth was made.

MABEL LEIGH.

## WITH A BRUGES LACE COLLAR.

“ In the market-place at Bruges stands the belfry old  
and brown,”

If the fierce invader's cannon haven't chanced to shell  
it down.

Clever fingers wrought at Bruges lace like this in days  
of yore,

Though I fear the magic blossoms grow beneath their  
touch no more.

Take the little gift, and wear it ! I shall think I see  
your face

With the flitting smile upon it shine—a rose—above the  
lace.

O, strange weaving now by Bruges ! stretching twining  
threads of doom,

Day and night the sad world listens to the clangour of  
the loom.

Would the bitter task were finished ! Would the looms  
of warfare cease !

And a milder fate, soft-handed, mould again the flowers  
of peace !

AGNES S. FALCONER.

## HER "ALLOWANCE!"

'Er looked at me bunnet (I knows 'e aint noo !)  
'Er turned up 'er nose at the patch on me shoe !  
And 'er sez, pointed like, " Liza, what do 'e do  
    With yer 'llowance ? "

'Er looked at the children (they'm clean and they'm neat,  
But their clothes be as plain as the victuals they eat) :  
And 'er sez, " Why not dress 'em up fine for a treat  
    With yer 'llowance ? "

I sees 'er long feather and trimmy-up gown :  
I sez, as I looks 'er quite square up and down,  
" Do 'e think us keeps 'oliday 'ere in the town  
    With my 'llowance ? "

" Not likely ! " I sez. And I bids 'er " Good-day ! "  
And I kneels on the shabby old canvas to pray  
For Bill, who's out fightin' such brave miles away.  
(And I puts back a foo o' they coins for 'e may  
Be needin' a part—may my Bill—who can say ?—  
    Of my 'llowance !)

LILLIAN GARD.

## CANADIANS.

With arrows on their quarters and with numbers on  
their hoofs,

With the trampling sound of twenty that re-echoes in  
the roofs,

Low of crest and dull of coat, wan and wild of eye,  
Through our English village the Canadians go by.

Shying at a passing cart, swerving from a car,  
Tossing up an anxious head to flaunt a snowy star,  
Racking at a Yankee gait, reaching at the rein,  
Twenty raw Canadians are tasting life again !

Hollow-necked and hollow-flanked, lean of rib and hip,  
Strained and sick and weary with the wallow of the ship,  
Glad to smell the turf again, hear the robin's call,  
Tread again the country road they lost at Montreal !

Fate may bring them dule and woe ; better steeds than  
they

Sleep beside the English guns a hundred leagues away ;  
But till war hath need of them lightly lie their reins,  
Softly fall the feet of them along the English lanes.

WILL H. OGILVIE.

## SCOTTISH NURSES IN SERBIA.

Their eager, helpful hands, their love and lore  
Eastward they carried to War's frowning keep :  
Fever, War's daughter, met them at the door,  
And kissed them to their sleep.

O, sometimes she is tender when she slays !  
Haply she lent them, through her drifting dreams,  
Loved voices, Scotland's primrose-blazoned braes,  
Cool songs of homeland streams.

Death takes his toll—the young, the bright, the brave—  
Europe's proud nations in his net lie snared :  
But *these* hands—weaponed not to smite but save—  
How ill can these be spared !

AGNES S. FALCONER.

## A SONG.

*(From the Balkans.)*

Sunset steals along the fort,  
Wanders up the street,  
To the well beneath the trees  
Where we meet.  
Gleam the copper water-jars,  
Yet unfilled, beside us ;  
Sunset passes ; then the stars  
Pierce the shades that hide us.  
*Like flashing lights from Michael's brand*  
*They gem the sword in my Love's hand !*

Southward shines a redder fire.  
Leave the old well stone  
Where we met in summer days  
That are gone !  
Leave the creaking wheel and slow,  
He will turn no more—  
Let him take his blade and go  
Southward to the war !  
*North the night and south the light,*  
*And a sword hastening to the fight !*

MARY-ADAIR MACDONALD.





“ Bare, Ruined Quires.”

*“ Ah, light of mine eyes, what gift shall I send thee ?  
What gift to the other world ? The apple rots, and the  
quince decayeth, and one by one they perish the petals of  
the rose ! I send thee my tears, bound in a napkin, and  
what though the napkin burns, if my tears reach thee at  
last ? ”*



“ BARE, RUINED QUIRES.”

There was no mad sunrise,  
No rapture and riot of dawn to mark  
The miracle of diuturnity,  
Whose instancy unbeds the lark,  
And quickens half a world of earth and sea ;  
Nor in the miserable skies  
So much as one poor gleam,  
One fleeting, reassuring dream  
Of light, to gild the shuddering disarray,  
The welter and quake of troubled cloud, and gloom,  
And devilish wind, and scurrying, spiteful rain :  
Since when the labouring day  
Goes like a dull, perplexed, resenting thing, whose doom  
Is one of mere immedicable pain ;  
And these five wits of mine  
Are as the dead leaves trodden  
Into the sodden  
Glue of the death-cold clay ;  
And none (God wot !) can understand  
How I regret, and yearn, and pine  
For just one contact with a little hand  
That, being as dead to me, yet speaks  
And cherishes and beguiles,  
So many long and weary miles,  
So many longer and wearier weeks—  
Or is it years ?—away.

W. E. HENLEY.

## THE LAST OF THE TINKLER.

Lay me in yon place, lad,  
The gloamin's thick wi' nicht ;  
I canna' see yer face, lad,  
For my een's no richt,  
But it's ower late for leein'  
An' I ken fine I'm deein',  
Like an auld craw fleein'  
To the last o' the licht.

The kye gang to the byre, lad,  
An' the sheep to the fauld,  
Ye'll mak' a spunk o' fire, lad,  
For my he'rt's turned cauld ;  
An' whaur the trees are meetin'  
There' a sound like waters beatin'.  
An' the bird seems near to greetin'  
That was aye singin' bauld.

There's just the tent to leave, lad,  
I've gaithered little gear,  
There's just yersel' to grieve, lad,  
An' the auld dog here ;  
An' when the morn comes creepin'  
An' the wauk'nin' birds are cheipin'  
It'll find me lyin' sleepin'  
As I've slept saxty year.

Ye'll rise to meet the sun, lad,  
An' baith begangin' west,  
But me that's auld an' done, lad,  
I'll bide an' tak' my rest ;  
For the grey heid is bendin'  
An' the auld shune's needin' mendin',  
But the traiv'lin's near its endin',  
An' the end's aye the best.

VIOLET JACOB.

## THE TAISHER.

(*Taibhsear—Gaelic : One having second sight.*)

O weary were the days to me,  
The heavy days gone by,  
Bitter the kirkyard of Portree,  
Barren the hills of Skye :  
By day and night, by dark and light,  
I lived with those who die.

I saw the black processions pass  
Of men that bear the dead :  
To other eyes the shaking grass  
Shone green without a shade ;  
But 'twas my curse to see the hearse  
Of coffin'd man and maid.

I knew that he was marked for death,  
That she who gladly drew  
The honey of the morning's breath  
Would sup on graveyard rue.  
I, living, moved 'midst those I loved,  
Who knew not that I knew.

O happy hour when I was 'ware,  
Blackening the meagre corn,  
Of those mute messengers who bear  
The dead with eyes forlorn :  
I question cried, and they replied,  
"It is for you we mourn."

O weary were the days to me,  
The heavy days gone by,  
Bitter the kirkyard of Portree,  
Barren the hills of Skye :  
But now I praise this last of days,  
The day on which I die !

C. KENNETT BURROW.

## ORAN-BHROIN.

*(A crying in the wilderness as of a little child is the symbol  
of lost love.)*

When all the West is blowing wild,  
    Is blowing wild  
With tempest wings that fan the fire  
Of sunset to one awful pyre,  
    I hear the crying of a child—  
    The crying of a little child  
When all the West is blowing wild,  
    Is blowing wild.

The screaming scart, the wailing mew,  
    The lone curlew,  
From shore and moor these voices rise :  
Only the wind else moans and sighs :  
    The West is all a blood-red hue :  
    Out of the glistening moorland dew  
I hear a child's voice wail and rise  
    In mournful cries.

When all the West is blowing wild,  
    Is blowing wild  
And shrill and faint along the shore,  
By moor, or hill, and o'er and o'er  
    A child's lament is tost on high . . .  
    It is a love that cannot die,  
    A lost love weeping evermore  
While all the West is blowing wild,  
    Is blowing wild.

FIONA MACLEOD (William Sharp).

## DO YOU KNOW ALL ?

Do you know all—O you who died  
    With quiet eyes against my breast,  
    Who sank serenely to your rest,  
In Life's To-morrow satisfied ?  
Who left this world beyond recall,  
    Still dreaming we were heart to heart,  
    *We . . . drifting, drifting, poles apart !*  
Do you know all ?

Do you know all ? How, year by year,  
    I changed to you but gave no sign ?  
    'Twas not your sorrow, only mine ;  
Why should my grief be yours, my dear ?  
How could I know what would befall ?  
    How could I think my love would pass  
    With Life or Death ? Alas, alas !  
Do you know all ?

ISABEL BUTCHART.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Step lightly, she is very still,  
Her piteous feet have crossed the hill,  
Her eyes are purged of all old fear—  
The pleading pain, the trembling tear—  
Step lightly, she is very still.

Speak lowly, she is very quiet,  
She hears no more the roar and riot;  
Wild weeping wrongs her ears no more,  
Nor sob of sea on any shore.  
Speak lowly, she is very quiet.

Weep gently, she is past all tears,  
All froth of woe, all foam of fears,  
All breaking of all shoreward waves,  
All terror of all sea-worn caves.  
Weep gently, she is past all tears.

Laugh softly, she is past all bliss,  
All strong arms crushing to a kiss,  
All pulsing of exultant joy,  
All pleasures that grow cold and cloy.  
Laugh softly, she is past all bliss.

Watch quietly, she never stirs,  
No beam of sun or moon are hers,  
Woes or joys that surge or cease,  
She is wrapped round in utter peace.  
Watch quietly . . .  
. . . She never stirs.

IOLLO ANEURIN WILLIAMS.



SOFTLY TREAD.

(*An Epitaph.*)

Softly tread,

Who here arrive !

I am dead,

And you're alive.

I am dead : fear not to waken

Clay your footfall leaves unshaken ;

But—lest ye should share my bed—

Careless livers, softly tread !

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

## REQUIESCAT.

Now are they come into the place of quiet,  
Into the heart of silence where God is ;  
Far, far away from all the mortal riot,  
Safe in the home of lovely sanctities.

And there they rest, who fought with no surrender,  
Lapped in a peace like water, cool and bright,  
Till God shall armour them again in splendour  
To battle with the spirits of the night.

My soul, forestall awhile the ultimate fiat,  
A moment doff the body's hindrances  
And come thou too into the place of quiet,  
Into the heart of silence, where God is !

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

### IN WESTMINSTER CLOISTER.

Silence and sleep are here, and summer sunshine,  
Where even Grief has made an end of grieving,  
Lest sorrow break their dreamless rest who slumber  
Here in Death's garden.

Peace, Death's handmaiden, guards these sunlit spaces  
Here are no tears nor any light of laughter,  
Only the music of the world's heart beating  
Sounds through the silence.

ANGELA GORDON.

## TORMENTUM.

(*From the French of Prince Charles Cantacuzene.*)

I think if I push the door—  
(Are you dead ?) . . .  
That I shall make you stir once more  
Behind the door  
Sullen yet yielding too  
And you,  
With gesture uncomforted,  
Will stand  
With white lilac in your hand,  
With a great sadness on your brow so fair,  
With perfumes and caresses in your hair ;  
And in your heart, my dear,  
Both joy and fear.  
And some sweet tenderness to greet me here !  
(Are you dead ?) . . .  
Come—I will push the door,  
For you must not be dead . . .  
You must show yourself at the door  
Beautiful as before,  
No *De Profundis* said . . .  
I want to see your face with those  
Soft hues of lily and rose ;  
I want our long walks again  
In afternoons wet with rain  
Yet sweet,  
Down the grey Paris street,  
Across Paris so wide,  
You at my side,  
Your slender form  
Alas, upon my arm . . .  
Your tired hand thin and warm  
Leaning upon my arm . . .  
See . . . I will open the door as I said . . .  
Nay . . . for perhaps it is true . . . you are  
dead . . .

ISABEL CLARKE.

## THE BLESSED HOUR.

She passed a year ago,  
    Yet well I know  
Death could not lay his dust upon her eyes ;  
Her gentle shadow flits  
About my room and sits  
Beside me, telling in the winter glow  
How green the meadows are in Paradise.

For she was half divine  
    Even when mine ;  
God was in everything, earth, sky and sea ;  
He was behind her fears,  
Her laughter, prayers and tears.  
I watched her ardent, exiled spirit pine  
In the frail body till He set her free.

And so I do not grieve  
    She had to leave  
A world that crushed her with its pain and sin,  
For when the shadows fall  
And silence covers all,  
I have my hour of exquisite reprieve—  
God opens wide His Heart and shuts us in.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

## THE CHAPEL IN THE GARDEN.

*(Villa Serbelloni, Bellagio, now an Hotel.)*

Three cypress trees stand by the rusty gate  
And guard the altar stone,  
But he who comes will pass this way too late  
For all the ghosts are gone.

Within the shrine a waxen taper gleams,  
And by the open door  
A blue-robed Virgin holds the Rose of Dreams  
For those who dream no more.

There is a fresco on the faded walls  
But its vague colours fail  
To tell their story, told when evening falls  
In song of nightingale.

Then silence drifts, and all the songs forsake  
The length of dusky days,  
A path drops sharply to the lonely lake  
By dark and wooded ways.

The ghosts pass with their children, these have fled  
The Larian forest deep ;  
Their fathers trod these paths, but they will tread  
Where homeless pilgrims sleep.

MABEL LEIGH.

## SHINE ON, THOU SUMMER SUN.

Shine on, thou summer sun,  
Though my brief day be done,  
    I do not pine.  
To-morrow's toil and sweat,  
The fever and the fret,  
    Will not be mine.

Sail on, thou placid moon,  
Night passes by, and soon,  
    Ere comes the day  
To gild the eastern crest,  
I shall have found my rest,  
    And sleep for aye.

R. D. ROBERTS.

“AND UNDERNEATH ARE THE EVERLASTING  
ARMS.”

The day was dark when Blossom came ;  
With many a chilling eastern blast—  
But oh, the pleasant firelight flame  
When she lay in my arms at last.

Was the night dark when Blossom went ?—  
I did not heed the wind's alarms ;  
I know her safe—who was but lent—  
Within the Everlasting Arms.

G.



## THE STALKER'S FUNERAL.

What the Smoothing Hand has left us, we lay, all  
reverent, here,  
But the spirit of John MacDonald, which shone thro'  
the eye so clear,  
Has sped to pass up Corrie Ghlas, where he loved to  
watch the deer :

Beyond the rocks and lichen, above the lingering snow,  
Higher than grim Ben Djereg, or mist-capped Ben-y-  
Ghloe,  
Nor coffin nor pall nor kirkyard wall could fetter his  
soul below.

DOUGLAS H. CAIRNS.

## TOM MOODY.

Death had beckoned with grisly hand  
To the finest Whip in hunting-land.

“ My time is short,” Tom Moody said,  
“ Master, when I am done and dead,

Lay me at Barrow beneath the yew  
In the dear old shire we have hunted through

Let six earth-stoppers carry me there  
With slow step and heads bare.

Bring the old horse that I used to ride,  
With my whip and boots to his saddle tied.

Fasten the brush in his forehead-band  
Of the last dog-fox we brought to hand.

And let a couple of old hounds come,  
Fitting mourners to follow me home.

Then, when you’ve laid me safe down there,  
Give three view-holloas that shake the air,

And you’ll know, if I do not lift my head,  
There is no mistake—Tom Moody’s dead ! ”

WILL H. OGILVIE.

## LITTLE BOY.

So you sleep and will not waken,  
All your pretty ways forsaken ;  
All your pets and games and toys,  
Drums and things that make a noise,  
Keeping all the house awake—  
How we love them for your sake.  
Now no drum, nor bagpipes wailing,  
Reaches that wide sea you're sailing,  
Far and far and far beyond  
Yonder small and weedy pond,  
All your ocean, till to-day,

Little Boy.

A. HEPPLE DICKINSON.

## BEFORE AND AFTER.

*Infinite, oh man, was the foretime ere thou camest to thy dawn,*

—GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

They stood at eve beside a tideless sea,

A wistful shore.

—Chill, chill the wind that speeds on moor and lea

To come no more.

And waiting, they a tranced silence kept,

As if white dreams

Like brooding doves in halcyon twilight slept

By tranquil streams.

Mists, drifting mists and shadows, and the flight

Of unseen wings.

—Chill, chill the wind that seeks the Gate of Night

And mortal things.

'Twas thus they came, as shadow and as shade,

In mystic hour,

To these dim lands whose youth from dust is made

Or fading flower.

Flame that is dream and dream that is a flame

Ye pass alone !

—Chill, chill the wind that sweeps across your name

On carven stone.

MABEL LEIGH.

## A MONUMENT.

(After an Ancient Fashion) :

Traveller, turn a mournful eye,  
Where my lady's ashes lie ;  
If thou hast a sweet thine own  
Pity me, that am alone ;  
Yet, if thou no lover be,  
Nor hast been, I'll pity thee.

IOLO ANEURIN WILLIAMS.



## Country Life.

*Fresh fields and woods ! the Earth's fair face !  
God's footstool ! and man's dwelling place !  
I ask not why the first believer  
Did love to be a country liver ;  
Who to secure pious content  
Did pitch by groves and wells his tent ;  
Where he might view the boundless sky,  
And all those glorious lights on high,  
With flying meteors, mists and showers  
Subjected hills, trees, meads and flowers.*

*Vaughan.*





## AN INVITATION.\*

Country-Life, clear skies, debonair surroundings,  
Poetic silence, solitude reposeful  
In common Nature's venerated aspect ;  
And budding indoors

My neglected garden of all the Muses :  
Tell me what London giveth or receiveth ;  
If pleasure hold you, or a duty brighten  
her sooty mansions.

Few the years now ere the machine betray us  
In the long tumult, whether it be heart-stroke  
Or flagging brain that deliver the word of  
weary surrender.

So come, ere fragrant summer undelaying  
From river-side and woody glen departeth,  
And the shorten'd days hurry on the misty  
mantle of autumn :

While yet at random to recline agree-eth  
On shadow'd bank or sunny lawn, revolving  
All the afternoon any joy that art or  
wisdom accordeth :

Now a-down Thames freighting a skiff to wander  
By lock and weir and rushy islet, oaring  
His willow-border'd, lily-paven and white-  
flowery waters.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

\* In phonetic imitation of the Greek long-and-short versification,  
according to William Stone's rules, given in the *Monthly Review*  
for July, 1903.

The above verses were an early experiment, August, 1902.

## SPRING'S CHILDREN.

Gay Marigold is frolic,  
    She laughs till summer is done  
She hears the Grillie chirping  
    All day i' the blazing sun.

But when the pale moon rises,  
    She fain her face would hide ;  
For the high Queen of Sorrows  
    Disdains her empty pride.

Fair Primrose haunts the shadow  
    With children of the Spring,  
Till in the bloomy woodland  
    The nightingale will sing.

And when he lauds the May-night  
    And spirits throng the grove,  
The moon shines thro' the branches  
    And floods her heart with love.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

## MATINS AND EVENSONG.

'Tis the song of the lark—

Hark, hark !

Lift up your soul and your eyes

To the East.

Up to the faint rose skies

Soars the lark, as day wakes

And breaks.

Hear, as the sad night dies,

Joy's High Priest.

'Tis the song of the thrush—

Hush, hush !

Lift up your heart and your eyes

To the West,

Where, against pale gold skies,

Swings the thrush on a spray

Of May ;

And, as the daylight dies,

Calls to rest.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

## THE HOWE O' THE MEARNs.

Laddie, my lad, as ye gang at the tail o' the plough  
And the days draw in,  
When the burning yellow's awa' that was aince a-lowie  
On the braes of whin,  
Do ye mind o' me that bides in the wearyfu' south  
While the rowan turns,  
And the bracken fades on the knowes at the river's mouth  
In the Howe o' the Mearns ?

There was nae two lads frae the Grampians down to the  
Tay

That could best us twa ;  
At bothie or dance, or the field on a footba' day  
We could sort them a'.  
And at courting-time, when the stars keeked down on  
the glen

Through the theck of ferns,  
It was you an' me got the pick of the basket then,  
In the Howe o' the Mearns.

London is fine, an' for ilk o' the lasses at hame  
There'll be saxty here,  
But the hairst-time comes and the Spring, an' it's aye  
the same

Through the changefu' year ;  
And the wheels ding on a' day when I'm wearying still  
For the sound o' burns,  
And they're thrashing now at the white farm up on the  
hill

In the Howe o' the Mearns.

If I mind mysel' and deave for the best o' my days  
While my een can see,  
When I'm auld and done wi' the fash of their English  
ways  
I'll come hame to dee ;  
For the lad dreams aye o' the prize that the man'll get,  
But he lives and learns  
And it's far, far ayont him still, but it's further yet  
To the Howe o' the Mearns.

Laddie, my lad, when the hair is white on ye're pow  
And the work's put past,  
And ye're hands' owre auld and heavy to haud the plough,  
I'll win hame at last.  
An' we'll bide our time on the knowes where the broom  
shines braw  
And the whin' flower burns,  
Till the last lang gloaming shall creep on us baith, and fa'  
On the Howe o' the Mearns.

VIOLET JACOB.

## WORDS FOR THE WIND.

With the waves for hounds,  
With the clouds for hawks,  
I hunt the fragile ships,  
And scour the dry-land's dips ;  
And my hale voice sounds  
When a cavern talks.—

Quick, children, hold your petticoats down,  
Or with heads in their folds you will sail through the  
town.

When I lie on the earth  
For leagues flowers shake  
With joy ; I sit up and trees  
Pulse as my heart decrees ;  
And new heavens have birth  
When I sleep on a lake.—

Quick, children, hold your petticoats down,  
Or with heads in their folds you will sail through the  
town.

T. STURGE MOORE.

## EARLY SPRING.

(*A Rhyme.*)

Now the moisty wood discloses  
Wrinkled leaves of primèroses,  
While the birds, they flute and sing :—  
“ Build your nests, for here is Spring.”

All about the open hills  
Daisies show their peasant frills,  
Washed and white and newly spun  
For a festival of sun.

Like a blossom from the sky,  
Drops a yellow butterfly,  
Dancing down the hedges grey,  
Snow-bestrewn till yesterday.

Squirrels skippering up the trees  
Smell how Spring is in the breeze,  
While the birds, they flute and sing :—  
“ Build your nests, for here is Spring.”

FRANCES CORNFORD.

“ IT WAS BETWEEN THE MAY AND THE ROSE.”

*Richard Jefferies.*

*First Buttercup :*

Say, will She come, or was it but a dream,  
That joyous singing of the meadow Stream  
Which spoke of Her ?

*Second Buttercup :*

Nay, only yester Eve  
The Wind told tales too wondrous to believe,  
Of Her fair beauty, of Her winsome grace,  
And bade us all bow down before Her face  
When She should come.

*Third Buttercup :*

But when ? Ah, sister, when ?  
The Violet hoped, but she has died since then.  
The Primroses are gone, and now the May  
Drops down upon the yellow shining way,  
Great pearls, all 'broidered on a cloth of gold.

*The Stream :*

The Iris wakes, for emerald fold on fold  
Unfurls, and royal purple shows between—

*The Wind :*

Then hush ! At last She comes—our radiant Queen !

*Chorus of Buttercups :*

'Tis She ! 'Tis She ! We crowd to meet Her. See  
The Flags fly out, for now right royally  
She holds Her court—the waiting overpast,  
Hail to the first wild Rose, awake at last !

FAY INCHFAWN.



## ABOUT MY FATHER'S FARM.

*(After a French Folk-song.)*

About my father's farm,  
The birds of heaven hover :  
The ringdove and the rook,  
The partridge and the plover.  
*And as I keep the cows—  
The wood between to hide me—  
No one in the house  
Can tell who sits beside me !*

The ringdove and the rook,  
The partridge and the plover :  
And the pretty nightingale  
That warbles in the cover. . . .

The pretty nightingale  
That warbles in the cover,  
She sings a plaintive tune  
For girls who lack a lover. . . .

She sings a plaintive tune  
For girls who lack a lover :  
And once she sang for me—  
But ah, that song is over.  
*And as I keep the cows—  
The wood between to hide me—  
No one in the house  
Can tell who sits beside me !*

EDWARD WRIGHT.

LINES SENT WITH A CASSEROLE TO MY FRIEND  
C. E. F. ON THE OCCASION OF HER MARRIAGE.

This little fire-proof casserole,  
Accept from me ;  
Nor silver entrée dish, nor costly bowl  
Are meet for thee  
Who, from thy simple, gentle soul,  
Loves modesty.

Lift from its inmost depths the pullet tender,  
When kind Fate sends her :  
Or, should a cruel Destiny deny  
Such luxury,  
Sixpennyworth from out a neck o' mutton  
Will feast a glutton.

RECIPE FOR COOKING.

First.—Place the mutton in the casserole  
Preferably whole :  
Add pepper, salt, and spices to your taste  
But none to waste.  
Three sliced potatoes, and a savoury onion,  
Cover with water, gently bake, till just done.  
Then, serve to hungry stomach, grateful soul,  
And thank the giver of the casserole.

ELIZABETH KIRK.

LADY DAY, 1909.

Where did Gabriel get a lily,  
In the month of March,  
    When the green  
    Is hardly seen  
On the early larch ?  
    Though I know  
    Just where they grow,  
I have pulled no daffodilly.  
Where did Gabriel get a lily  
In the month of March ?  
    Could I bring  
    The tardy spring,—  
Under Her foot's arch,  
    Near and far,  
    The primrose star  
Should bloom with violets, willy-nilly.  
Where did Gabriel get a lily  
In the month of March ?

G. JAMES.

## THE TRAVELLER.

When March was master of furrow and fold,  
And the skies kept cloudy festival,  
And the daffodil pods were tipped with gold  
And a passion was in the plover's call,  
A spare old man went hobbling by  
With a broken pipe and a tapping stick,  
And he mumbled—" Blossom before I die,  
Be quick, you little brown buds, be quick.

" I've weathered the world for a count of years—  
Good old years of shining fire—  
And death and the devil bring no fears,  
And I've fed the flame of my last desire,  
I'm ready to go, but I'd pass the gate  
On the edge of the world with an old heart sick  
If I missed the blossoms. I may not wait—  
The gate is open—be quick, be quick."

JOHN DRINKWATER.

## COWSLIPS.

*The Germans call these Himmel-Schlüssel (Heaven's Keys).*

All night long the dice he tossed,  
All night long he played and lost,  
Then out upon the road he fared,  
And where it led nor knew nor cared.  
The flooded brook beside him roared,  
A singing lark above him soared,  
Around his head the swallows wheeled,  
But blind with ruin on he reeled,  
Then flung face downwards in a field,—  
A meadow spread with moony glow  
From scented cowslips all aglow.  
He saw them not, he smelled them not,  
Nor knew what sanctified the spot,  
But yet their dewy fragrance stole  
With strange appeal into his soul.  
He sees again his childhood's days,  
The happy scenes, the holy ways,  
He sighs, he weeps, he kneels and prays.  
And when at last he raised his head  
He saw a maid to whom he said,  
Showing the blooms : " How call you these ? "  
She answered, smiling : " Heaven's keys."

ANNA BUNSTON.

## FOOL'S PARADISE.

This is Fool's Paradise,  
Close where the river lies,  
All its sweet silver lengths  
    Winding through meadows ;  
Here the fool's parsley grows,  
Food for the silly foals  
On all the grassy knolls  
    In sun and shadow.

Here all the summer day  
Grasshoppers dance and play,  
    Here merry minnows,  
Each on his silver fin,  
Dart in and out a tin  
Flung by some careless boy  
    In the green shallows.

Here gay convolvulus,  
Long ere the sun is up,  
    Tumbles and topples  
In feats acrobatic.  
Here at the hottest noon,  
Gnats in their dainty shoon  
Dance on the lilies  
    A pavanne aquatic.

And when the sun is set,  
And all the meadows wet,  
    Here ragged robin  
Bares his wild elfin locks,  
Bows to the ladies' smocks,  
Like a true gentleman—  
    Curtseying round him.

This is Fool's Paradise,  
All who are truly wise  
    Live here together.  
Where only wingèd seeds,  
Winds and slow waving reeds  
Mark the swift flight of Time,  
    And change of weather.

ANNE F. BROWN.

## WILD, WILD CHERRY.

Wild, wild cherry,  
As I stand at the foot of the hill,  
Why are you only awake of all  
The dark trees slumbering still ?  
Have you no lover but me  
That you must lean out so far,  
With your delicate nightgown blowing about  
To all the winds that are ?

Wild, wild cherry,  
Nay, 'twas a keener bliss,  
A flutter of wings at your window-sill  
And a morn too good to miss,  
So, behold, we go our ways,  
And look, I blow you a kiss,  
May the winds be soft to that soul of yours,  
And the gods remember this.

H. H. BASHFORD.



## AN ARRAIGNMENT.

Boast not to me of your modesty  
Big White Lily, for, list you,  
I was hid by the Copper Beech  
When the sun came out and kissed you.

I saw him linger for long at your side,  
Denials are useless, for, hark you,  
You asked for his kisses with your tongue of gold  
O ! 'tis naught to your credit, so mark you.

What a jest to speak of your pure cold face !  
'Twere better in blushes to lave you.  
You are not cold, you are white with the heat  
Of the passionate kisses he gave you.

ALICE MAY.

## SANCTUARY.

Four tubs my little garden bound  
With twenty paces in between,  
And here there comes no warring sound  
Of what shall be or what has been,  
But deep within its cup of trees,  
A door's-breadth from the world, it keeps,  
Unspotted from the dust of strife,  
The shrine of its serener life.

The lilac and the flags have gone  
Their splendid way, but here instead  
Pale marguerite preens her floating stars,  
Stout foxglove rears his head,  
Steeple of lupine break the air,  
Viola meek uplifts her face,  
And Mother Sinkins one by one  
Shoots her blind spires towards the sun.

For here in this mid-hour of June  
Nothing that sings is out of tune,  
Nothing that shines is dimmed with tears,  
There are no past or future years,  
But youth on an immortal wing  
Flickers across the sunlit lawn,  
And beauty with an angel's breath  
Breaks through the dream that men call death.

H. H. BASHFORD.

### SNOWDROPS.

Snowdrops, in Springs to be  
    When popped dreams I keep,  
Grow not over me  
    Lying asleep.

Else might I sadden when  
    Thy Elfin Melody  
Waking Earth up again  
    Cannot wake me.

A. HEPPLE DICKINSON.

SEPTEMBER.

Her robe falls heavy round her feet,  
Straight folds, the hue of ripened wheat,  
Her wide grey eyes are weary-sweet.

As if she were Heaven's almoner,  
The tribes and nations look to her.—  
May I not look, nor greatly err ?

So I say softly, " Mother mine !  
A bit of bread, a cup of wine ! "——  
She answers not by any sign.

Always she hath these listening looks—  
I see her pass among the stooks—  
Or, with bowed head, along the brooks.

Perchance she hears (O, leagues away !)  
Where winter yokes the white, the grey  
Fierce steeds that follow down her way.

The swallows heard them—and they fled.  
She will not meet them, being dead,  
But they shall thunder o'er my head—

Mine, whom she quits uncomforted.

AGNES S. FALCONER.

TO MY CAMPING FRIEND, A. M. J. S.

So, in defiance of all our time-worn ways  
Compelling us to homes of brick and mortar,  
Thou, on the broad hillside, thy tent must raise  
Where golden gorse and purple heather blaze,  
True Mother Nature's Child :—her camping daughter.

They call *me*, with a cup of tea, at seven !  
And, even so, complainingly I rise !  
Whilst thou, dear maid, in the pink flush of Heaven,  
Face sun-bathed, feet dew-washed, and hair wind-driven,  
Scornest such poor conventionalities.

Birds to thy call shall come. The linnet shy,  
Watch for thy feet through furze and bracken gleaming ;  
And thou shalt understand the curlew's cry,  
The jay's harsh note, the thrush's melody,  
The wood owl's hoot, around thy place of dreaming.

Nor fear—nor loneliness—shall thee oppress,  
For Nature's heart is large, and very kind :  
She shall unfold to thee her mysteries,  
And thou, as wise as any Socrates,  
Shall learn her laws, and her companions find.

Perchance, when under Heaven's star-lighted dome,  
Like a white nun, for absolution kneeling,  
Thou'lt send a prayer to the wide skies for some  
Who, like myself, rest in prim Villadom,  
Protected by four walls and a square ceiling.

ELIZABETH KIRK.

## THE TORCH FESTIVAL OF THE WINDS.

Through the still woods the golden torches flare,  
The silver birches lift a lambent spire ;  
Deep glows the fire  
Of autumn's funeral pyre  
And the great beeches their red pride declare.

O wild companions of the wind,  
Seize on these glowing brands  
And in exultant bands  
Shake from your mænad hands  
Red smoke and conflagration blind !

HOWARD PEASE.

## A LAMENT FOR THE FLOWERS.

The garden is dying a lingering death .

The sun, the doctor, has given it o'er ;

He turns away,

Alas, the day !

Our eyes are dim and our hearts are sore.

The swallows, ah, faithless friends ! withdraw :

What care have they for the dying or dead ?

Rallying all

At an unheard call,

Swift, swift with the sun's their course is sped.

Aster, anemone, heliotrope,

Each under sentence of death are ye :

Bid good-bye

To the butterfly,

Harlequin and the courtier bee.

Painted petal and perfumed breath

Perish and vanish and pass away !

Who would have deem'd it,

Who have dream'd it,

Yesterday—only yesterday ?

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

## THE HIGH ROAD.

Oh, once you were a bridle-path,  
A hundred years and more ago,  
Across the hills and o'er the hills  
Your slender way you went.  
Great-grand-dad was not married then,  
I wonder whom you carried then,  
Across the hills and o'er the hills  
By many a steep ascent.

*On steady horse they went their way,  
My stripling shoulders bore them well,  
Across the hills and o'er the hills,  
By valleys green and gold,  
The gipsy to his tent I took,  
The landlord for his rent I took,  
The lover to his lady's hearth,  
The farmer to his fold.*

And now you carry motor-cars,  
Are broad and white and fair to see,  
Important people know you well,  
So straight you are and strong,  
And now you carry kings sometimes,  
The tramp of armies rings sometimes,  
Across the hills and o'er the hills  
Your mighty ways along.



*Yes, now I carry kings sometimes,  
Important people know me well,  
And men of wealth and motor-cars  
I bear from town to town,  
If only I could know them now,  
What wonders I could show them now,  
The simple folk that loved me once,  
Before I gained renown.*

Dear road, your secret tell me now,  
Who also would be great like you,  
And rise above my present lot,  
And lose my humble name,  
How came it that the bridle-path,  
The slender, fond, and idle path,  
That once you were in days gone by  
Has won so great a fame.

*Grim engines have gone over me,  
With granite have they walled me in,  
With iron tools they wrought at me,  
And laboured long and late,  
'Twas thus I had to pay for it,  
And there's no other way for it,  
They hammer down your wayward earth  
And so they make you great.*

H. H. BASHFORD.

## THE HEDGE.

On the hither side o' the hedge,  
There's many an herb grows sweet ;  
Motherwort spread above your head,  
And Marjoram at your feet !

On the hither side o' the hedge,  
There's many a legend told  
By the shadows grey that travel the way  
'Twixt the full moon's shafts of gold !

For the hither side o' the hedge  
Is the wayfaring stranger's friend,  
From noontide blue till fall of dew,  
From dusk till daylight's end.

St. John's Wort dew shall salve  
The heart with healing balm,  
The Motherwort take their sorrow's ache  
Who sleep within her arm !

On the hither side o' the hedge,  
There's many an herb grows sweet ;  
Angelica spread above your head,  
Archangel at your feet !

On the hither side o' the hedge,  
Who knows what dreams may come,  
When the herb dew's spread by foot and head  
And the Traveller's heart goes Home ?

ALICE E. GILLINGTON.

## THE POPLARS.

In stifling lane and garden bed  
The flowers droop, listless in the heat,  
O'er petals lying dead.  
The elms stand motionless. The fir's  
Hot scent hangs stagnant. No breath stirs  
Across the shining wheat.

But far above the flowers a-swoon,  
And far above the silent sheaves,  
From pallid dawn to languid noon,  
The poplar trees are whispering low  
To little secret winds that blow  
Among their murmuring leaves.  
The poplar trees are singing, throughout the sultry  
hours—  
Songs the cherished garden flowers  
Will never, never know ;  
Songs the blessed harvest field will never, never know—  
Are singing to the little winds that flutter to and fro.

ISABEL BUTCHART.



## Desideria.

*Who ne'er his bread with tears hath ate,  
Who never through the sad night hours  
Weeping upon his bed hath sate  
He knows not you, you heavenly powers.*

*A. Clough.*



## INITIATION.

Who fain would see that orchard  
Must tread a narrow way,  
And bend beneath low-swinging boughs,  
As he did pray.

Who looks upon the orchard  
May look for half a year,  
And see but sun, and feel but rain,  
But bird-song hear.

Who dreams within that orchard,  
For love of it and dream,  
Shall sudden catch the deathless song,  
The fadeless gleam.

Not all, not all of sunlight  
The ripples on the grass,  
And more than vagrant wind the sound  
Of Feet that pass. . . .

Who fain would see that orchard  
Must tread a narrow way,  
And bend beneath low-swinging boughs,  
As he did pray.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

“IN VAIN, IN VAIN, AND ALL IN VAIN.”

Amid green corn and clover-hay,  
When glory wakens with the day,  
All through these sunlit summer hours  
Made glad with song and fair with flowers,  
Till twilight stoops with tender haze  
To veil the long, delightful days,  
One note I hear, where'er I pass,  
Insistent through the trembling grass,  
One voice, dissenting, still denies  
The vaunt of life's light votaries,  
As if it cried, across the plain,  
“In vain, in vain, and all in vain !”

Oh, corncrake ! Hearts that framed a tale  
Of pity for the nightingale,  
Who gave the swallow's eager cry  
A meaning from old misery,  
Had sworn some deep vexation stirred  
In thy harsh note, mysterious bird !  
That, while the summer wreathes the woods;  
Haunts all these open solitudes,  
Now near and loud, now far and faint,  
A litany of fierce complaint !

Sick fancies these ! and idly blent,  
Echoes of mortal discontent.  
The lark sings high, at steps of Heaven,  
Well pleased, the blackbird pipes at even,  
The linnet's lilt is blithe and gay—  
Hast thou less joy, more grief than they ?  
Sure, in that tireless monotone  
There is no sorrow—save our own !

Among the hay, among the corn,  
I hear that cry at eve and morn ;  
And evermore the cadence brings  
A thought of lost, delightful things,  
Dear, evanescent, vanished things,  
Dear perished things !

AGNES S. FALCONER.



## THE MOUNTAIN OF DREAMS.

Beyond the edge of the world,  
Where the winds are still,  
There hangs in the trembling void  
A shadowy hill.

All built of dreams that were born  
In the world beneath,  
Then, frail in their beauty, died  
At the touch of its breath.

Now, in a mountainous throng  
They fill the air,  
While melodies play, like winds  
Forever there.

All the music that e'er has sprung  
From the hearts of men,  
Over that mountain of dreams  
It echoes again.

But no one is there to hear,  
For no man can come  
To the place which his dreams have made  
In eternity's home.

MONICA BAINES.

## THE LAST CHANCE.

As a single rose may bloom in the autumn weather,  
As a lonely star may burn in the twilight's grey,  
The last chance came when mercy and hope together  
Had passed away.

As a flame may leap from the heart of a blackened fire  
The last chance glimmered through days of despair  
and doubt,  
But paled and sank ere fulfilment could meet desire,  
Flickered—went out.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

## AN ALTAR OF THE DESERT.

(In the oasis of Sidi-Okbar there is still to be seen an altar, brought from Tehouda, of which the dedication is: To the Unconquered God, by Marcus Messius Messor, Prefect of the Cohort.)

Far in the desert ways an altar stands  
Built by a Roman in the days of old,  
Forgotten now, his history untold,  
Save for this one memorial of his hands.  
Around it lie the pale Saharian sands,  
Above the Aurès mountains, red and gold,  
Rear their proud heights ; deep silences enfold  
The peace unbroken of those tranquil lands. .

O Prefect of the Cohort, hadst thou heard—  
Here in thy place of exile, little trod,  
Where still the changeless stars gaze down at night—  
Some utterance of the One Incarnate Word  
Ere on thy lonely altar thou didst write  
These words of faith : “ To the Unconquered God ” ?

ISABEL CLARKE.

### ANNIVERSARY.

O ! Day pass gently that art come again,  
Turn memory's spear, and may thy vespers close  
Upon a twilight odorous of the rose,  
That hangs a crimson head in the white rain.

No virtue is there in remembered pain.  
The past is sleeping ; watching its repose  
I shudder, lest those weary lids uncloze,  
And I be folded in its coils again.

PAMELA GLENCONNER.

## SEPARATION.

Though you have passed so very far away  
Your life is mine, as mine is yours, to-day.  
Time, space, are powerless and not as bars  
Our groping thoughts to sever.  
Dawns, faint and fair, and sunsets flaming wide  
Still bring you to my side ;  
And all high hopes that throb beneath the stars  
Are yours and mine for ever.

But, ah ! the little things for which I sigh,  
As each day passes by :  
The open book, the flower upon the floor,  
The dainty disarray,  
The sound of passing feet,  
The distant door—  
Alas, the little things of every day !  
The silent eve, my sweet,  
The lonely waking—  
Alas, alas ! for little things my heart is breaking.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

## RESTITUTION.

Time brought me costly gifts, and rare,  
    A lavish share :  
Laid love's oblation full and sweet  
    Down at my feet,  
    And sighed  
To find me still unsatisfied.

“ Ask what thou wilt,” boastful he cried,  
“ Time hath nor rule nor measure  
For meting out his treasure.”

“ *Give then,*” I wept,  
“ *Those golden hours thou stolest . . . whilst I slept.*”

ELIZABETH KIRK.

## NOWHERE AND ONWARD.

There is no reason we should write,  
Or read, or speak, or sing, to-night ;  
Profusely starred the sky awaits us,  
Our souls may thitherward take their flight.

No one alone, nor three nor four,  
Nor any counted number more,  
Can make of thought such rapt keen joyance  
As thrills two voyaging towards no shore.

Twin spirits cleave the vast of air  
Best if their bodies do not stir :  
Come, breast the stillness, and on and ever  
Dip at a moment and rise a pair !

Birds, cleaving either night or day,  
Flit one before, one after ; they  
Straggle, form clots or clouds, but never  
Keep pace when flying ; be that our way.

Though toil and zeal be often crossed,  
No tick of time enjoyed is lost ;  
One hour replete with satisfaction  
Old kings would prize at a great war's cost.

T. STURGE MOORE.

The text of this poem is the final one from "The Sea is Kind" (Grant Richards). The original version appeared in "Country Life," December 9th, 1905.





“My True Love did lightly me.”

*O little did my mother ken,  
That day she cradled me,  
The lands I was to travel in,  
Or the death I was to dee !*

*The Four Maries.*

*And, O ! if my young babe were born,  
And set upon the nurse's knee ;  
And I mysell were dead and gone,  
And the green grass growing over me !*

*Border Ballad.*

*Bright golden Moon, that now art near to thy setting,  
go thou and salute my lover, he that stole my love, and  
that kissed me, and said, “ Never will I leave thee.”  
And, lo, he has left me, like a field reaped and gleaned,  
like a church where no man comes to pray, like a  
city desolate.*

*Modern Greek (Chants Populaires de la Grèce.  
M. Fauriel.)*



## POOR NELLY.

They turned me out of house and home  
Because my time was near ;  
I staggered up the fell alone,  
Afar from help or cheer.

My child was born in the open air,  
By the hurdles of the fold ;  
I wrapped him up in my long hair  
To keep him from the cold.

All night I felt the wind and rain,  
I heard the starved ewes bleat ;  
And bitterly did I complain  
With the wet grass for my sheet.

But with the dawn the shepherd passed  
That tends the lambing ewes—  
He stared to see me sleeping fast  
Among the sparkling dews.

He spake me fair, he made me cheer,  
He warmed a bowl of milk,  
He lifted me and my pretty dear  
(In his shawl of golden silk).

He laid us on his bed, good man,  
He made no mock of me—  
And now—oh, may my little son  
Grow such an one as he !

MARY DUCLAUX.

## THE DESERTED MOTHER.

I laid my hands upon your hands  
And found them chill and bare ;  
O Little One, lie close to me,  
I'll wrap you round with prayer—  
I'll keep you from all swift alarms  
And shelter you from care.

O Little One, come closer yet,  
The soul-wolves wait outside ;  
They are not made like other hearts,  
In forms of gods they hide—  
And O the hungriest called Love  
Will hunt you far and wide.

He'll make his meal at first upon  
Your spirits fresh and gay,  
Then blind your eyes, devour your mouth,  
Your golden hair make grey ;  
Then he will eat into your heart  
And on your soul will prey.

A. HEPPLÉ DICKINSON.

## WHEN LOVE WENT FORTH.

When Love went forth and left my house  
No click of latch, no creak of stair  
Betrayed his going, unaware  
I went about some household task.

Love lingered not to say Farewell  
Or waved his hand as lovers do  
Where the road bends and turns from view—  
The road that goes towards the past.

Just one day, when some word had chilled  
And I sought Love, as heretofore,  
A stranger-guest stood at my door—  
Indifference is the name he bears.

Oh through and through the rooms I called  
And sadly wandered up and down  
And sought the highways to the town,  
And sought the empty house of life.

Unmoved, Indifference waited there,  
He knew Love would return no more,  
And patiently knocked at the door—  
And ah, at last, I took him in.

. . . . .  
O Love that piped and passèd by  
You made a music fine and gay,  
And down life's highway for a day  
My feet went dancing to your spell.

O Love ! you were a gentle guest,  
It were ill-done of me to chide  
That now the pipe is laid aside,  
That now the dancing all is done.

A. HEPPLE DICKINSON.

## LOST.

All that remains,  
All that is left of me  
Is a little salt of the sea wave,  
And a little sand from the sea.

The wandering wind,  
Indifferent and blind,  
Blew on me—scattered me apart, like foam—  
Now I cannot feel the wind !

I rise, I fall,  
I sink and have no care—  
The sea's soft grey-green gloom is in my eyes,  
And her stars are in my hair.

My playfellows  
Are lonely wave, are leaping foam,  
And those lost loves which wander forth at night-fall  
And have no home.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

## THE MESSAGE.

“ Oh have you not a message, you who come over the sea ?

Have you not a message or word at all for me ? ”

“ I have sailed, sailed, sailed where the seas are green and blue,

I’ve silver, gold and merchandise—but never a word for you.”

“ But did you see my love by any way you came ?

For if you saw my love, he must have spoke my name.”

“ Oh yes, I saw your love—Oh yes, and he was gay

Riding in his coach-and-six all on his birthday.”

“ But when you spoke of me, of me—oh ! what was it he said ? ”

“ Oh he never said a word at all, but turned away his head.”

MARGARET SACKVILLE.





## My Lady.

*She is so proper and so pure  
Full steadfast, stable and demure  
There is none such, ye may be sure  
As my sweet sweeting.*

*When I behold my sweeting sweet  
Her face, her hands, her minion feet,  
They seem to me there is none so meet  
As my sweet sweeting.*

*Old English Lyric.*

*Western wind, when will thou blow,  
The small rain down can rain ?  
Christ, if my love were in my arms  
And I in my bed again !*

*Old English Lyric.*



## YASMIN.

How splendid in the morning glows the lily : with what  
    grace he throws  
His supplication to the rose : do roses nod the head,  
    Yasmin ?

But when the silver dove descends I find the little flower  
    of friends  
Whose very name that sweetly ends I say when I have  
    said, Yasmin.

The morning light is clear and cold : I dare not in that  
    light behold  
A whiter light, a deeper gold, a glory too far shed,  
    Yasmin.

But when the deep red eye of day is level with the lone  
    highway  
And some to Meccah turn to pray, and I toward thy bed,  
    Yasmin.

Or when the wind beneath the moon is drifting like a  
    soul aswoon,  
And harping planets talk love's tune with milky wings  
    outspread, Yasmin.

Give me thy love, O burning bright ! For one night or  
    the other night  
Will come the gardener in white and gathered flowers are  
    dead, Yasmin !

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.

## THE PRINCESS.

*(A Story from the Modern Greek.)*

A princess armed a privateer to sail the Chersonese,  
And fitted it with purple sails to belly in the breeze,  
With golden cords and oaken boards and a name writ  
    out in pearls,  
And all the jolly mariners were gallant little girls.

The king's son he came hunting her in frigates two or  
    three,

“ Give me one kiss, Princess,” he cried, “ and take a  
    ship from me.

And would you like the yellow boat or would you like  
    the red,

Or would you take myself and mine, the gold and green  
    instead ? ”

“ Sir, handsome fellow as you are, it's curious, you know,  
To ask a maid for kisses in mid-archipelago ;  
But come and fight with us, young man ; the prize  
                                is for the brave.”

They fought ; it chanced the lady won and seized  
                                him for a slave.

She drove him to the yellow boat and lashed him to the  
oar.

“ Now pull, my handsome Prince,” she said, “ till you  
can pull no more.”

“ O, Princess, do but listen to a valiant boy’s appeal,  
And take me from this bitter oar and put me at the  
wheel.”

“ O, foolish Prince,” the Princess cried ; “ back to your  
oar and pull,  
Row hard and soon we’ll anchor in the gulf of Istamboul.  
While the slaves collect provisions and the sailors  
go for drink,  
You may chance to find your Captain not so brutal  
as you think.”

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.

## MY LADY COMES.

Peace, mournful Bee, with that  
    Man's deep voice from the grave :  
My Lady comes, and Flowers  
    Do all their colours wave ;  
And joyful shivers seize  
The hedges, grass and trees.

My Lady comes, and leaves  
    Above her head clap hands ;  
The Cow stares o'er the field,  
    Up straight the Horse now stands ;  
Under her loving eyes  
Flowers change to butterflies.

The grass comes running up  
    To kiss her coming feet ;  
Then cease your grumble, Bee,  
    When I my Lady meet ;  
And Arch, let not your stones  
Turn our soft sighs to groans.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

## GANHARDINE'S SONG.

When my lady climbs the stair,  
From the wet, surf-beaten sands,  
Loosening her cloak of vair,  
With her slender, foam-white hands,  
All my heart cries out in me  
What fair things God maketh be !

Praise her white, and red, and gold ;  
Praise her lips, made sweet by mirth ;  
Her grave eyes that dreaming hold  
Tears, which tremble ere their birth ;  
Yet what song shall snare the feet  
Of white dawn upon the wheat.

Surely all earth's changing grace,  
Starry waters, starry skies  
Fallen in some flower-loved place,  
Speak such peace as speak her eyes ;  
There earth's restless wonders are  
Glassed, as waters glass a star.

When my lady climbs the stair,  
Every wandering, golden tress  
Streameth out upon the air,  
Like a flame for loveliness ;  
And my heart cries out in me  
What fair things God maketh be !

FREDERIC MANNING.

## THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

I do not know  
Whose facile fingers wrought your wistful face,  
Nor stayed their work for all the shed tears' trace  
So long ago ;

But in your eyes  
A-stare so piteously through Time I see  
The vain regret for all that used to be  
Which never dies ;

Love passed your gate  
One morn, and fain would enter in to rest,  
But you would welcome no unbidden guest,  
And bade Love wait ;

You oped the door  
At nightfall, deeming Love stood there again,  
And called him softly, but you called in vain :  
Love came no more !

ANGELA GORDON.



## THE OLD BOOK.

I took it down, soft cobwebb'd, from the shelf,  
Where it had lain a century, unread ;  
A tome in vellum, white, but stain'd with age,  
The leaves all worn with touch of hands long dead.

And there, writ clearly on the foremost page,  
The owner's name : " To Beatrice, my Wife ;  
This Booke of daintie Verse, as slender Proove  
Of that great Love that sweetens alle my Life."

There was a perfume on the tinted leaves,  
A fragrance, as if Beatrice had prest  
The book with trembling fingers to her heart,  
Where fading rosebuds droop'd upon her breast.

I picture her, with lovely eyes aglow,  
Reading this Herrick with a lover's mind ;  
She feels the kisses fall on " Julia's " cheek,  
And marvels when " Corinna " proves unkind.

A picture—that is all ! The vellum feels  
No more the touch of that small, girlish hand.  
Two years she dwelt with him whose name she bore,  
And then went from him to the Silent Land.

M. BOURDILLON.

## A LOST PLAYMATE.

Brown-Eyes, at merry noon you slipped away  
Within a house of silence ; not again  
To know the nightingale, or gold of day,  
Or voices of the rain.

No more the heather wind shall kiss your brow,  
Nor the Sea Lover call you forth from dreams ;  
And rosaries content you better now  
Than English stars and streams.

Yet, kneeling at the Rood when nights are chill,  
Do you forget a little Eastern town—  
Fire-flies, and flute-songs on the moonlit hill  
Soft wailing up and down ?

And while the years, all dim and cloistral, leave  
Your brow untouched by sun or wintry weather,  
Will you remember dreams we used to weave  
Of growing old together ?

MARY-ADAIR MACDONALD.

## IN LAURA'S MIRROR.

When Laura, peeping in her oval mirror,  
    Caught her reflection,  
She thought (and those who knew can best forgive her !)  
    She thought she saw Perfection.  
For, never maiden wore the Gift of Grace  
So richly as portrayed in Laura's face.

A Psyche's brow, and eyes of Southern Spain  
    Ripe lips, and smiling.  
Cheeks as a rose caressed by sun and rain,  
    Dimples beguiling !  
Surely no nymph of two-and-twenty ere  
Than our reflected Laura was more fair !

Long afterwards, in the same mirror gazing  
    Her face upraising,  
Tracing the prints where treacherous Time had crept  
    Dismayed, she wept !  
To find, alas ! the charms she'd hope to cherish  
Had only lived—to perish !

ELIZABETH KIRK.

### WEARY-WELL.

There is no mirror where I dwell :—  
And I was fain to see  
From the still depths of Weary-Well  
My face smile back at me.

But now if I should stoop to gaze  
Where the still water lies,  
I could not even see my face  
For the tears within my eyes !

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

## REINE DU NORD.

The Queen lay dying through the day,  
The King brought flowers from far and near :  
“ Ah, drifting, drifting far away—  
Will they not reach you, O most dear ?  
You ever loved them more than life.”  
He held them to her pale, young mouth,  
“ Will they not call you back, sweet wife,  
Our wondrous flowers of the South ? ”

The Queen lay dying through the night,  
A thousand flowers around her bed.  
The silver tapers' languid light  
Touched with faint gleam her golden head.  
Her weary ladies, ere they dozed,  
Too spent to watch, too sad to weep,  
Still murmured, as their eyelids closed :  
“ The Queen will die unless she sleep.”

The Queen lay dying when the door  
Moved softly to a hand afraid,  
And silently across the floor  
There crept a little kitchen-maid.  
She reached the gilded bed unseen  
And faltered : “ Far across the sea  
I, too, came from the North, my queen,  
And *this* is all I brought with me.”

The Queen lay sleeping in the dawn,  
Her ladies opened startled eyes,  
And drew aside the foam-white lawn  
To touch her heart with fingers wise.  
Against her softly breathing breast,  
And cradled in her slender hand,  
They found the charm that brought her rest—  
Three fir-cones from a distant land.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

## THE FLIRT.

Men love to see a woman's wares displayed ;  
They cry, " No empty windows ! Show us all ! "  
And I ?—I decked my window at their call,  
    And showed my best  
Again and yet again : their praise outweighed  
    My spirit's faint unrest.

I never thought to suffer as to-day,  
Who never meant to love, but only wed ;  
(Have I not said, " I love you ? "—Now 'tis said !)  
    For Love is Lord,  
And I desired no master to obey—  
    So now Love bares his sword.

What have I saved for you, beloved—you ?  
I bring no secret treasure, small or great,  
No smile or kiss have kept inviolate ;  
    All, all are spoiled  
By others' use, and that which should be new  
    Is—what's the term ?—shop-soiled.

You shrink ?—'tis well. One gift I had in store  
Not staled, and not appraised by other eyes,  
(So profitless it ranks as merchandise !)  
    'Tis dear as youth ;  
Take it and go, beloved ! Nothing more  
    Have I, who give you Truth.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

## A RING.

Beneath an ancient tomb I found a ring,  
    In Trebizond ;  
And graved in Greek within the slender thing  
    These words I conned,  
    Through dent and scar :  
“ *In Summer and in Winter, Near, and Far,  
    Here, and Beyond.*”

Oh, Grecian maiden, more than hero he,  
    Who loved thee so,  
And slipped upon thy finger delicately,  
    Long years ago,  
    This gift of gold,  
And bound two souls with words that could withhold  
    Time's ebb and flow !

Bruise Sorrow's heel, and trip sure-footed Death,  
    And now respond  
In answering echo of immortal breath  
    Unaging bond  
    No Doom can mar !  
“ *In Winter, and in Summer, Near, and Far,  
    Here, and Beyond.*”

ERIC CLOUGH TAYLOR.

## AN INDIAN EVENING.

The shining Jumna slips away,  
'Twixt sandbanks grey as sorrow,  
Beyond, the brazen rushes burn,  
And where the smoke's long spirals turn  
Will be cold ash to-morrow.

The wide green arch of evening sky,  
The sun's last touch forgetting,  
Against it Taj lifts up her face,  
Her endless, dream-born, stone-wrought grace,  
The soul of Love's begetting.

The soul of Love in jewel and stone,  
Beauty and youth and laughter,  
Telling across three hundred years,  
With half a smile and many tears,  
The end of Love and—after.

LILIAN WYNFORD.



## THE MUIRHEN.

As I gae'd down by the twa mill dams i' the morning,  
The muirhen stirred i' the reeds like a passing wraith,  
And her voice cam' ower to me wi' a sound of warning,  
    "Faith—keep faith!"

"Aye, bird, tho' ye see but ane ye may cry on baith!"

As I gae'd down the field when the dew was lying,  
My ain love stood whaur the road an' the millstream met,  
And it seemed to me that the rowin' wheel was crying,  
    "Forgie—forget,  
And turn, man, turn, for ye ken that ye lo'e her yet!"

As I gae'd down the road 'twas a weary meeting,  
For the ill words said yestreen they were aye the same,  
And my het hairt drowned the wheel wi' its heavy  
    beating,

    "Lass, think shame,  
It's no for me to speak, for it's you to blame!"

As I gae'd down by the town when the day was springing,  
The Baltic brigs lay thick by the sounding quay,  
And the rigging hummed wi' the sang that the wind was  
    singing,

    "Free—gang free,  
For there's mony a load on shore may be skailed at sea!"

. . . . .

When I cam' hame wi' the thrang o' the years 'ahint me  
There was naucht to see for the weeds at the mill-house  
    gate,

But the muirhen up by the dams she seemed aye to  
    mind me,

    Crying "Hope—wait!"  
"Aye, bird, but my een grow dim, an' it's late—late!"

VIOLET JACOB.



## Love and Life.

*Dinna ask me gin I lo'e you,  
Ask it o' yersel'.*

*John Dunlop.*



## A CHANGE O' DEILS.

"A Change o' deils is lightsome."

*Scots Proverb.*

My granny spent a merry youth,  
She never wantit for a joe,  
An' gin she tellt me aye the truth,  
Richt little was't she kent na o'.

An' whiles afore she gaed awa,  
To bed her doon below the grass,  
Said she, "Gudemen I've kistit twa,  
But a change o' deils is lightsome, lass !

Sae dinna think to maister me,  
For Scotland's fu' o' brawlike chiels,  
And aiblins ither fowk ye'll see,  
Are fine an' pleased to change their deils.

Aye, set yer bonnet on yer heid,  
An' cock it up abune yer bree,  
O a' yer tricks ye'll hae some need,  
Afore ye get the best o' me !

Sma' work to fill yer place I'd hae,  
I'll seek a sweethe'rt i' the toon,  
Or cast my he'rt across the Spey,  
An' tak' some pridefu' Hieland loon.

I ken a man has hoose an' land,  
His airm is stoot, his een are blue,  
A ring o' gowd is on his hand,  
An' he's a bonnier man nor you.

But hoose an' gear and land an' mair,  
He'd gie them a' to get the prein,  
That preined the flowers in till my hair,  
Beside the may tree yestere'en.

Just tak' you tent ; and mind, forbye,  
The braw guid sense my granny had,  
*My granny's dochter's bairn am I,*  
*An' a change o' deils is lightsome, lad ! "*

VIOLET JACOB.

## TO AN OLD STATUETTE.

Lady from Lilliput, small and sweet  
From your graceful head to your tiny feet,  
Eve by the Father of Lies defamed,  
Little and naked and unashamed.

Princes have drunk to your breasts of snow,  
And the wonderful virgins of Angelo  
Were no more holy and no more base,  
For Lilith smiles in your scornful face.

And Mary dreams in your sleepy eyes.  
Your red mouth whispering lovers' lies  
Has laughed the wisdom of men to scorn  
For tears and laughter of babes unborn.

Lady, you lived when the world was young,  
When Love was master and songs were sung,  
But for all your years you're a wanton yet—  
A saint with the heart of a light coquette.

H. T. W. BOUSFIELD.

## IN NORMANDY.

“ What are you thinking of, Rose Marie ?  
Of a white walled cottage across the sea,  
With the bee-hives under the sunny wall  
And the grape vine clambering over all ?  
What are you thinking of, Rose Marie ?  
Of days gone by, or of days to be,  
Of a father or mother, a sister or brother  
    You’ve left behind you in Normandy ? ”

“ What are you dreaming of, Rose Marie,  
As you gaze so wistfully out to sea ?  
The tune you were humming has turned to a sigh ;  
There’s a smile on your lip and a tear in each eye.  
And the smile and the sigh, little Rose Marie,  
And the tear in each eye, I am sure, must be  
All meant for the lover, you long to recover,  
    You’ve left behind you in Normandy.”

And this is the answer of Rose Marie,  
As she gazes steadfastly out to sea ;—  
“ I sigh for the soup made of cabbage and peas ;  
I smile at the thought of the snowy white cheese.  
While the tear in each eye,” replies Rose Marie,  
“ Is caused by the memory, dear to me,  
Of the eggs and the chickens, the pumpkins and pippins.  
    I’ve left behind me in Normandy ! ”

ADA LEONORA HARRIS.

“THEY CALL ME GAY,” SHE SAID.

Gaily I lean from the Window. Autumn night breeze  
Moves like a low-murmured hush through the listening  
trees,

Slow from the meadow beyond comes the breathing of  
cattle asleep ;

While the devilish hiss  
Of an owl adds the finishing touch  
To night's bliss.

From the larder below there arise  
Odours of bacon, of cheese, of delectable pies,  
And I laugh with the night, of its rapture and youth  
drinking deep. . . .

Callous ? Forgetting ? Uncaring ?

*Dear, don't you see ?*

Banish the laugh, and I weep for the days that are past :  
Rather than moan to the God who has given me much,  
I laugh with the night, lest I tremble and falter aghast  
At the thought of the slow-crawling years, of the time  
still to be.

*Dear, don't you see ?*

NORA GRIFFITHS.



## THE GOWK.\*

(I see the Gowk an' the Gowk sees me  
Beside a berry bush by the aipple-tree.)

—*Old Scots Rhyme.*

Tib, my auntie's a deil to wark  
Has me risin' ' afore the sun ;  
Aince her heid is abune her sark  
Then the clash o' her tongue's begun !  
Warslin', steerin' wi' hens an' swine,  
Nocht kens she o' a freend o' mine—  
But the Gowk that bides i' the woods o' Dun  
He kens him fine !

Past the yaird an' ahint the stye,  
O the aipples grow bonnilie !  
Tib, my auntie, she canna' spy  
Wha comes creepin' to kep wi' me.  
Aye ! she'd sort him, for, dod, she's fell !  
Whisht now, Jimmie, an' hide yersel' !  
An' the wise-like bird i' the aipple-tree  
He winna' tell !

Aprile month, or the aipples flower,  
Tib, my auntie, will rage an' ca' ;  
Jimmie, lad, she may rin an' glower  
What care I ? We'll be far awa' !  
Let her seek me the leelang day,  
Wha's to tell her the road we'll gae ?  
For the cannie gowk, tho' he kens it a'.  
He winna say !

VIOLET JACOB.

\* The Cuckoo.



## Poems of Places.

*“ Every village, every town takes the mind to remote times. It is difficult to analyse the attraction that lies in names of places, or to define the vision and scene they call up, even when unknown to the bodily eyes. Names allure, the glamour of some market town, a hill's name and the windy path we conjure on it. We climb the Downs and stand on a beacon where once the rustics watched for Buonaparte's invading fleet. Endless are the dreams and veracities of names.”*



## WINSFORD HILL.

The road goes over Winsford Hill,  
A long way up, a long way down ;  
Three barrows dare the ages still  
Upon the lofty, lonely crown ;  
No man has ever tried to till  
The slopes of heather, bare and brown.

The landscape spreads a view so wide  
That in the South the hidden sea  
Reflects in air its golden tide,  
Though forty miles away it be,  
And in the North the shadows glide  
On Exmoor, void of tower and tree.

O Winsford Hill, so far away,  
So far away in space and time !  
In thoughts and dreams again I stray  
Along that road, again I climb  
Where the three barrows watch all day,  
In Summer's bloom, in Winter's rime.

BRIAN GODFREY.

## AVEBURY.

High on the windy Downs,  
Blind to the stars and the sun,  
Scarred with the frost and the rain—  
Giants whose day is done ;  
Secret and strange they stand  
In a world that knows them not,  
For the lips that might speak are dust,  
The men of their age forgot.  
Only the skies are unchanged,  
Only the untamed wind  
Mourns round the ancient stones—  
The grey ones, worn and blind.

Here from the pathless woods,  
From the swamp and the marshy fen,  
Climbed by forgotten ways  
The strange forgotten men.  
There were gods in the stones and trees  
And the wind was the voice of a god,  
Blown from the outer dark  
With balm, or a chastening rod.  
Fronting the awful dawn  
They came to their mysteries.  
Oh that the stones might speak  
The silent witnesses.

They are gone, they are past, they are fled  
Like the smoke of their altar fires,  
And the secret earth laps round  
Dead men and their dead desires.  
Only the skies are unchanged,  
Only the tameless wind  
Mourns round the grey old stones  
Fronting the stars all blind—  
Fretted by frost and rain  
Bleached by the summer suns,  
Mute and forlorn and old  
Oh those forsaken ones !

DOROTHEA BIRCH.

## PARLIAMENT HILL.

Have you seen the lights of London, how they twinkle,  
twinkle, twinkle,

Yellow lights, and silver lights, and crimson lights, and  
blue ?

And there among the other lights is Daddy's little  
lantern-light,

Bending like a finger-tip and beckoning to you.

Never was so tall a hill for tiny feet to scramble up,

Never was so strange a world to baffle little eyes,

Half of it as black as ink, with ghostly feet to fall on it,

And half of it all crammed with lamps, and cheerful  
sounds and cries,

Lamps in golden palaces, and station-lamps, and steamer-  
lamps,

Very nearly all the lamps that Mother ever knew,

And there among the other lamps is Daddy's little  
lantern-lamp,

Bending like a finger-tip and beckoning to you.

H. H. BASHFORD.

## ON IVINGHOE BEACON.

The Beacon over Ivinghoe  
Lifts up into the sky  
A soaring shoulder out of earth  
Where swift cloud-shadows fly,  
And winds in the bent grasses make  
A murmured minstrelsy.

There did we lie and watch at ease  
The armies of the spring  
Across the winter-guarded vale  
Their gallant outposts fling  
By Amersham and Aylesbury,  
By Wendover and Wing.

The Saxon and the Roman here  
These winds and suns have felt,  
And underneath this arch of sky  
At this green altar knelt,  
And the same night has gathered all,  
The Roman, Saxon, Celt.

I saw your eyes turn strange, your lips  
Were cold against my kiss  
And far behind your speech there dwelt  
Strange wavering mysteries  
—The patient legions of the dead  
Spoke from their world to this—



And " Ah," you cried, " you cherish now  
My beauty like a flower,  
But how, when the soft graces fade,  
The magic lights lose power  
And Time that did my body build  
Unbuilds it hour by hour ?

And will you, when deep winter chills  
The seasons of desire,  
And love, the tattered balladist,  
Thrums on a ragged wire,  
Past the grey hair and glazing eye  
Discern the hearted fire ? "

Alone I climb the Beacon now  
And watch the world outrolled,  
The farms, the fields, the breadth of sky,  
The wide unbroken wold,  
And autumn's traitor banners hung  
Above the woods of gold.

It was my fault, that in Love's wells  
I troubled the clear springs  
And looking in his burning eyes  
Recked little of his wings,  
And, being but a mortal made,  
Dreamed of immortal things.

ROBIN FLOWER.

## AT GRAFTON.

God laughed when he made Grafton  
That's under Bredon Hill,  
A jewel in a jewelled plain.  
The seasons work their will  
On golden thatch and crumbling stone,  
And every soft-lipped breeze  
Makes music for the Grafton men  
In comfortable trees.

God's beauty over Grafton  
Stole into roof and wall,  
And hallowed every paved path  
And every lowly stall,  
And to a woven wonder  
Conspired with one accord  
The labour of the servant,  
The labour of the Lord.

And momentarily to Grafton  
Comes in from vale and wold  
The sound of sheep unshepherded,  
The sound of sheep in fold,  
And, blown along the bases  
Of lands that set their wide  
Frank brows to God, comes chanting  
The breath of Bristol tide.

The days are good at Grafton,  
The golden days and grey,  
The busy clouds, the mellow barns,  
And every winding way.  
And oh, the peace of Grafton  
Beneath the starlit skies,  
God dreamt of when he fashioned  
A woman's love-lit eyes.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

## THE ROAD TO BIBILE.

*(Kirihamy's Lament.)*

Beneath the palms the long road runs  
    The long white Road to Bibile,  
Green pigeons flash from tree to tree,  
The sunflowers dance in golden glee,  
A world of gold and green to me,  
    As I went down to Bibile.

A myriad souls for countless suns  
    Have trod the road to Bibile,  
Yet none with lighter heart than I  
Have trudged beneath the glowing sky,  
For all my hopes and longing lie  
    In two brown eyes in Bibile.

. . . . .

O weary is the road that runs  
    Beneath the palms to Bibile—  
There were no clinging arms to greet,  
No heart against my heart to beat ;  
In vain I searched the busy street—  
    The broad bazaar of Bibile.

Though I may see a myriad suns  
    Shine down the road to Bibile,  
My heart will never cease to yearn  
For one who never shall return—  
She lies where scarlet shoe-flowers burn  
    Beyond the road to Bibile.

BELLA SIDNEY WOOLF.

## ON QUARLEY DOWN.

On Quarley Down, on Quarley Down,  
The trees grow straight, the trees grow tall,  
And there the Romans set their camp  
And girdled it with moat and wall.

On Quarley Down, on Quarley Down,  
A man may see three counties lie,  
But never an Eagle standard flap  
Nor a Roman foot pass by.

On Quarley Down, on Quarley Down  
A man may hear the wind and trees,  
But never a word of the Roman tongue  
Nor a snatch of their martial melodies.

On Quarley Down, on Quarley Down  
An ancient bed I lay upon,  
For I lay sleeping in the moat,  
Dry nigh two thousand years agoe

On Quarley Down, on Quarley Down  
The trees grow straight, the trees grow tall,  
And God send peace to those dead men  
Whose ditch is their memorial !

ANNA BUNSTON.

## LONDON.

You must come back to London, if you were London-  
bred,

It calls you, though your place be filled, and all your  
chances dead ;

You must come back to London to smell its murky air,  
And hear its roar, and feel its throb, and pace its streets  
afire.

Though all your dreams be over, and you have naught  
beside,

Grey London's heart is beating still for love of London's  
pride ;

And in its dear enchantment, if London once was yours,  
You'll thrill to share its old romance, and snatch its  
ancient lures.

You'll grieve for all its changes, its quicker, modern ways,  
But stately landmarks still invoke the good immortal  
days ;

And it is London, London ! your home, though you have  
none,

And you must needs return, true son, before your life  
be done.

LILIAN STREET.

## THE LAMMERMOORS.

Low and lonely and brown,  
    Stretching for miles and miles ;  
With a silent scorn of the town,  
    Its noise, its glare and its wiles ;  
Where only the clouds creep down,  
    And the August heather smiles.

Far in the scattered valleys  
    The lonely homesteads stand,  
Where a silver ribbon rallies  
    The torrents from either hand ;  
And the lagging springtime dallies  
    When summer has claimed the land.

With a frowning back to the sea,  
    Both hands held south to the plain,  
Calm face to the sky, the bird, and the bee,  
    The wind, and the winter rain,  
You hide a heart more wild and free  
    Than the grandest mountain chain !

M. I. HOPE.

## ON THE ROOF.

(*Lunch Hour in a City Office.*)

The hum of the motor-bus—all the traffic of London  
Town :

These are the sounds that come to us, sauntering up and  
down.

Bells from many a tower bid us watch and pray :

*“ Life springeth up as a flower, and is plucked and is cast  
away.”*

Roofs and a cluster of trees, the round grey head of  
St. Paul's ;

Fluttering clothes in an errant breeze, houses and streets  
and walls ;

And over us all the sky and the light of the blessed sun,  
Lighting the folk that must die when the end of their  
race is run.

And under the busy street lie those who have found a  
rest,

Under the passing feet of travellers east and west ;

Bells from many a tower bid us watch and pray :

*“ Life springeth up as a flower, and is plucked and is cast  
away.”*

IVY LOW.





## Sea Magic.

*For the harp he has no heart, nor for having of the rings,  
Nor in woman is his weal, in the world he's no delight,  
Nor in anything whatever save the tossing of the waves,  
O for ever he has longing who is urged towards the sea.*

*O far away green waves your voices call  
Your cool lips kiss the wild and weedy shore.*

*Mary Gillington.*

*The victors and the vanquished then the storm it tossed and  
tore  
As hard they strove those worn out men upon that surly  
shore.  
Dead Nelson and his half-dead crew, his foes from near  
and far,  
Were rolled together on the deep that night at Trafalgar.  
The Deep.  
The Deep.  
That night at Trafalgar.*

*Thomas Hardy.*



### DAWN.

A drifting mist beyond the bar,  
A light that is no light,  
A line of grey where breakers are,  
And in the distance—night.

The watching lamps along the coasts  
Shine wanly on the foam,  
And silently, like tired ghosts,  
The fishing-fleet comes home.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

### LOCH FIODIAG.

Ageless shadowy hills enfold it,  
Mirrored deep in the dreaming mere ;  
Sunlit summer and silence hold it,  
No step sounds and no sail stirs here :

Soft and slow as a falling feather  
Over the hills the hushed hours creep,  
Where on his pillow of purple heather  
Time forgets to awake from sleep.

ANGELA GORDON.

## SEA-GULLS.

*(An unfinished poem by the late Sir Frank T. Marzials,  
C.B.)*

O gulls that sweep, and sweep, and sway  
In perfect poise of outstretched wings.  
Here by this world-worn waterway,  
This Thames whose dark tide swirls and sings  
From reach to reach of wharf and quays.

O gulls here hanging in the breeze,  
What brings you from your rocky home  
Set in the splendour of the seas  
And great sky spaces, where the foam  
Flashes, and every madcap wind  
Holds revel? Ah! why leave behind  
God's world, that He Himself called good,  
For man's poor counterfeit? What, blind,  
Blind are you gulls to aught save food,  
The unearned dole of easeful bread,  
The loaves for fishes? See, I shed  
The morsels crumbling, and you scream  
Exultant, flapping to be fed.  
A snow-flake flutter of wings that seem  
To mock my questioning.

Ay, mock

As mock full well ye may ye flock  
Of birds, since dull is he who holds  
That nature's world in sea and rock  
And all-embracing sky enfolds  
The universe of God. . . .

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

TO A VOYAGER.

Send me a song from the seas  
    On the in-coming breeze !  
A waft of ozone from the height  
    Of the petrels' wild flight ;  
A splash from the freshening tide  
    Of the waters you ride.

That my lips for one moment be wet  
    With the salted sea-fret !  
And my cheeks taste the smack of the foam.  
    Swirling wind-carried home.  
A kiss from the petulant seas  
    On the turbulent, brine-laden breeze.

ELIZABETH KIRK.

## DAWN WINDS.

The valley lies in shadow—all silver grey with dew,  
The daisies dream and tearful are the violet's eyes of  
blue,—

But up from the east the trailing purple clouds of night  
are going,

And all about the hilltop the dawn winds are blowing.

They come from where, in an opal haze, the ocean meets  
the sky—

Where the great green rollers surge and sink and the  
white-winged Kittiwakes fly—

Round the rocky headlands and across the shimmering  
bay—

Where they stoop to greet the baby waves and kiss them  
into spray.

The terns rise from the shingle in a flashing silver cloud,  
And thro' the caves the oyster-catcher's piping echoes  
loud,

Among the scattered boulders where the bracken fronds  
grow tall

The seapinks nod and waken at the whistling breezes'  
call.

They dance with the flickering shadows that lie on the  
sunlit grass,

And the purple thyme on the hillside breathes welcome  
as they pass ;

Above the heather the lapwings are flitting to and fro,  
For they hear the glad réveille that the dawn winds blow.

VERA NICOLSON.

## COLONSAY.

Dusk on the shore, but o'er the bay  
    The dying gold of evening skies,  
    And, sweet and chill, the sea-wind sighs  
Round Colonsay, round Colonsay.

This is the Island of the Blest,  
    Not where the southern waters sleep,  
    But where the storm-wave washes deep,  
And sea-gulls wheel against the West,

Ghosts of dead men who, far away,  
    Alone in sultry exile died,  
    They flit, enchanted, o'er the tide  
Round Colonsay, round Colonsay.

ISABEL BUTCHART.



TO A SAILOR'S BABY LASS AT TENBY.

Whisper ! what treasure shall the good ship bring  
Home—by and by ?

Now, in the glamour of the sunset hour,  
Now, on the mystic threshold of the night,  
When every breaking wave is turned to gold,  
To beaten gold each bastion and tower—

Whisper ! what treasure shall the good ship bring  
Home—by and by ?

Now, at the hour when Fancy sets her sails,  
Sets sail 'neath skies that glow with ruby flame,  
Weighs anchor, bids farewell, with old-world song,  
With sailor's chanty or babe's lullaby—

Whisper ! what treasure shall the good ship bring  
Home—by and by ?

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

## SEA GLAMOUR.

Who are those whose ears are open to the calling of the  
Sea ?

They who gave their hearts to her in days long past ;  
Though now 'mid pleasant inland places, far from her,  
they dwell,

They are weary till she calls them back at last.

For they think of cool green water-walls with sunlight  
glinting through—

White horses lifting to a leaden sky—

Of shifting, silver moonlight on the shoreward-going  
swell,

And the gleam of broken water hissing by.

They long for open highways that of old their fathers  
knew,

Where whistling breezes meet the foaming tide—

For it's only wide blue waters that can satisfy their souls.

And bring back to them the peace so long denied.

VERA NICOLSON.

## THE GOLDEN GALLEON.

“ What wait you for on the wind-swept shore,  
A phantom ship that will come no more ?  
'Tis sore work watching,” the Princess said,  
“ Old man, for the ghosts of the drowned and dead.”  
“ Nay,” said the Sea-man,” but over the sea  
The Golden Galleon shall come to me,  
Out of the harbours of Arcady,  
Laden with dreams of all things that be ;  
With her proud sails spread, and the happy dead  
Steering her straight down the sunset's track,  
When the years have sped,” the Sea-man said,  
“ The ship that foundered shall yet come back.”

ANGELA GORDON.

## A DIRGE.

Let not around her brows be set  
Earth's golden blossoms for a coronet.  
For she was of the sea and not of earth ;  
Grey waters gave her birth.  
And she who sleeps so soundly shall become  
Grey mist and elemental foam.  
Rather those petals which light winds blow down  
From the waves' crest shall be her crown.  
Ah, me, what faint, salt, savourless perfume stirs  
Round those fast fading flowers of hers !

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

## THE BONXIE.\*

The long grey rollers are hastening in, flecked with the  
foam of their speed,—  
For they must follow and follow fast wherever the gale-  
may lead—  
Over the edge of the cliff whereon their journey ends in  
spray,  
The Bonxie sails on wide-spread wings upon his wind-  
swept way.

King of the sea and air is he, his rule may none deny—  
The white-winged terns they scream and cower when-  
ever he passes by ;  
Fierce and strong as the hurricane's blast—resistless,  
sure and swift,  
He swerves to the leaping surge's crest and scatters the  
flying drift.

Dark and silent he sails along above the heather brown  
Of the hill that slopes beneath to where the cliffs of his  
Kingdom frown—  
Down thro' the wreathing white sea-fog in a rushing  
curve comes he,  
Then upward and out on steady wing to answer the  
calling sea.

VERA NICOLSON.

\* A Shetland name for the Great Skua.

## TIR NA N-OG.

I heard the summer calling across great breadths of sea  
In the landwind and the seawind and the wind of  
gramarie ;

For the seawind speaks in thunder and the landwind  
whispers low,

But the little wind of faery you scarce can hear it blow.

But listen, listen, listen and you shall hear afar  
A low and lovely murmur like the singing of a star ;  
But listen, listen, listen till all things fade and fall  
And the lone and luring music is master over all.

And you shall hear it chanting in one triumphant chime  
Of the life that lives for ever and the fugitives of time  
Beyond the green lands border and washing wastes of sea  
In the world beyond the world's end, where nothing is  
but glee.

The magic waters gird it, and skies of laughing blue  
Keep always faith with summer and summer still is true ;  
There is no end of dancing and sweet unceasing song  
And eyes to eyes make answer and love with love grows  
strong.

But close your ears and silence the crying of your heart  
Lest in the world of mortals you walk a man apart  
For O ! I heard the music and answered to the call  
And the landwind mocks my longing and the seawind  
saddens all.

ROBIN FLOWER.

## THE CASTLE

(LINDISFARNE).

The castle stands on its lonely rock  
In a sweep of the northern sea,  
And all around the grey dunes lie,  
And the waters creep and the seagulls fly,  
And mists drift dreamily.

Where the sheer rock drops on the landward side  
To the grey-green field below  
(When rich red roses bloom in the south,  
And the wild bee hangs at the woodbine's mouth)  
The yellow tansies grow.

The tansy yellow is harsh and cold  
And cold is the light of the sun,  
For the bleak winds rob him of half his power,  
He reigns but a brief midsummer hour,  
And the northern summer's done.

Yet I love the castle old and grim,  
And I dream when far away  
Of the long grey dunes and the wide grey sea  
And the breath of the north-wind keen and free  
And the seaweed smell from the bay.

CELIA CONGREVE.





## Hush Songs and Lullabies.

*Lollai, lollai, litel child,  
Child, lollai, lollai !  
With sorow thou com into this world,  
With sorow ssalt wend awai.*

*Ancient Lullaby.*

*Hush ye, my bairnie, my bonnie wee laddie,  
When you're a man, ye shall follow you're daddie ;  
Lift me a coo and a goat and a wether,  
Bringing them hame to you're Minnie thegether.*

*Old Lochaber Lullaby.*

*Translated by Malcolm MacFarlane.*

*So all my day-dreams follow  
The bird that leaves the nest ;  
And in the night I gather  
The lost one to my breast.*

*From "A Lute of Jade."*



## WHEN MOTHER SINGS.

When Mother sings  
You think of fire-lit nurseries  
And pussy-cats and things,  
And all the toys and chocolates  
That Father Christmas brings.

When Mother sings  
You hear the door move softly,  
And with fluttering of wings  
The angels that you left in church  
Troop in and tell you things.

When Mother sings  
You shut your eyes and think of—  
Oh, *lots* of lovely things !  
Of sounds that feel like flowers,  
And stars that fade and glow,  
And colours singing dreamily  
That curtsey as they go.  
But suddenly, when happiest,  
You hear the music cry,  
And all the world is loneliness,  
Just mountains and the sky.  
A singing voice from hill to hill  
Goes higher yet and higher,  
And sadder yet and sadder, till . . .  
You wish your eyes were drier.  
You touch them with a finger-tip  
And—*Oh, my little son !*  
*I forgot that you were near me.*  
*Oh, what has Mother done ?*

ISABEL BUTCHART.

## A LULLABY.

Sleep, sleep, on Mother's breast,  
Child, my child !  
Close within my arms be pressed.  
O the world is vast and wild,  
Filled with hurt and war and cries !  
Under my eyes close your eyes,  
On my breast rest and nest.

Sleep come soft as water flows,  
Eyes close bind !  
Gentle Sleep that never grows  
Old, indifferent or unkind.  
O but Sleep can never hold you  
As my arms, my darling, fold you,  
Fold you close, fold you close.

Sleep can take you far away,  
Little heart !  
O but in my heart you stay,  
From my heart you cannot part.  
Though the world you wandered, Sweet,  
From my heart those little feet  
Never stray, night or day.

LAURENCE BINYON.

## THE POOLS-OF-PEACE.

The little Pools-of-Peace lie far  
From dusty ways of Noon,  
Along the winding paths of Sleep  
To where the hills of Twilight keep  
The gardens of the Moon.

When night comes softly down the sky  
And lights each waiting star  
The Minstrels of the Moon play low  
For dancing feet of winds that go  
To those still pools afar.

The little Winds-of-Dream go swift  
And scatter with light hands  
The Dust-of-Dreams to seal the sight  
Of those who weary of the light  
And seek for Elfin lands.

*O, follow then the little winds  
Along those shadowy ways  
And find the Pools-of-Peace that lie  
So fair beneath the dreaming sky  
So far from dusty days.*

JOAN CAMPBELL.

## DREAM-LOVE.

When day is merging into night,  
And I sit alone and sad,  
A child's form flickers in the light  
Of the fire, and I am glad.

He looks at me with eyes so sweet,  
And he holds out hands so dear ;  
He dances with his little feet,  
And he nestles, oh, so near !

He proffers me a ruined flower,  
And its leaves fall one by one.  
Ah ! how I love the firelit hour  
That lends me a little son.

The flames die down, the moments pass,  
And I am again forlorn ;  
Since night and day I seek, alas !  
The child that never was born.

ELSPETH GRAHAME.

## CASTLE HILL.

There's a door they're sayin', in Castle Hill,  
If ever a man could find it,  
He'd find the luck of the Fairies, still  
In the Land that lay behind it.

There's some that has sought it at dawn of day  
When the mornin' light was breakin' ;  
An' some has sought in the twilight grey,  
An' some when the Stars was wakin'.

There's some that has sought it their whole lives long,  
An' lost their days in the seekin',  
For Fairy doors is shut close an' sthrong  
An' there's few can hear them creakin'.

For the man that seeks is not he who finds,  
In the gentle land of Fairy,  
The hand that holds is not that which binds  
But the most things goes conthrary.

So I'll not be seekin' the fairy door,  
Though if ever one should find it  
He'd find the wish of his heart, an' more,  
In the Land that lies behind it.

J. E. M. BARLOW.

## SPINNING SONG.

Soft as a bee o'er the gardens in summertime  
Crooning a cradle song over the lily bed,  
Crooning a cradle song down in the lavender ;  
Softly continuous, weaving your thoughts in it,  
Waking or sleeping, your hands must be holding  
The flax.

There is a spinner, who rests not nor slumbers ;  
See what a silvery thread he has spun for you,  
Over your hair, that was dark as the shadow depths,  
Under the pine.

Lo ! all about you, the web is entangled—  
Your hands in its mazes grow feeble and trembling,  
Your feet in its mazes are slow on the treadles—  
Your spinning is done.

Listen ! the music is broken—  
Smooth for a space and then halting and broken—  
And the thoughts in your spinning belong to the days  
That are dead.

KATHLEEN CLOSE.



## THE MOTHER AND THE PIED PIPER.

O pass not where my children play,  
Lest they should hear thy music call  
And be to thee forever thrall,  
And leave, or find me in the way,

For once that sound their ears shall thrill  
Their thoughts would rest no more at home,  
But over field, and over foam,  
They'd seek the house behind the hill,

And all they loved and deified  
Would something lack, none understands  
Who has not seen those long lean hands  
Glide o'er the stops, and pause, and glide—

Ah, without pipe or violin  
To lure their feet, too soon they'll learn  
There is a hill of no return  
Beyond the walls of Hamelin.

A. HEPPLE DICKINSON.

## THE ONLY TUNE.

(*A villanelle.*)

The only tune that he could play—  
He learned it long and long ago—  
Was “ Over the Hills and Far Away.”

We young folk, listening day by day  
As fared he, piping to and fro  
The only tune that he could play,

Half weary heard : could none soothsay  
How not till all life's fairest show  
Was over the hills and far away.

Time's hunter-years their chase would stay  
Mid harried fields ; and none might know  
The only tune that he could play.

For such a joyful summons, yea,  
To journey where the path we'd go  
Was over the hills and far away.

From worlds grown dreary. Ah, 'tis gay  
Would sound one piper's call, if so  
The only tune that he could play  
Was “ Over the Hills and Far Away.” .

JANE BARLOW.

## A SONG FOR ANNE.

I will dance with the Folk of the *Sidhe* to-night,  
I have learned their Magic rune,  
The Moon-flowers whispered the words to me,  
And the night winds sang me the tune.

Sing : *The Man in the Moon is coming now,  
A little star lamp in his hand,  
To light me into the Secret wood,  
Down the roads of Faerie-land.*

Hidden away in a secret wood,  
Where the owls and black bats flit,  
The little red toad-stools stand in a ring,  
Where a Queen and her maids shall sit.

Sing : *The little red stools are set to-night  
Under the twisted thorn.  
The Folk of the Sidhe are dancing there,  
Brownie and Leprechaun.*

JOAN CAMPBELL.

## THE LEAVES' LULLABY.

The leaflets on the branches,  
They sing and murmur low,  
To all the sleeping flowerets  
That in the grasses grow :  
“ Sweet be your dreams, O blossoms !  
On pillows green ye lie—  
The winds above you whisper,  
While we sing Lullaby,  
Hushaby,  
Lullaby !

The dewes upon your petals  
Shall be as kisses soft,  
From yonder pale moon-mother,  
Who wakes and walks aloft ;  
The waving of the tree-tops,  
Above you where you lie,  
Shall rock you into slumber,  
While we sing Lullaby,  
Hushaby,  
Lullaby !

And should there be a lover,  
Unhappy maid or man,  
Who wanders lone and sleepless,  
As only lovers can,  
Ah, woo that weary spirit,  
With odours warm and shy,  
And soothe it to oblivion,  
While we sing Lullaby,  
Hushaby,  
Lullaby ! ”

MAY BYRON.

### PAX DOMINI.

The little ships lie idle in the bay,  
Their white wings drooping in the windless air,  
The little waves are weary of their play,  
Asleep's the earth, asleep the smiling sky,  
Silence and summer peace are everywhere,  
And Time forgets to bid the hours go by.

ANGELA GORDON.



## Dog, Horse and Hound.

*Old Parson Beanes hunts six days of the week,  
And on the seaventh, he has his notes to seek,  
Six days he hollows so much breath away,  
That on the seaventh, he can nor preach, nor pray.*

*Herrick.*





## THE FOX-CUB SPEAKS.

*The Fox-cub speaks :*

“ What is the sound, little brother,  
That rings thro’ the early air ? ”

“ Oh, that is the call of the farmer-lads  
As the last of the sheaves they bear,  
And they sing ’mid the dewy golden grain  
And laugh and make merry there.”  
But the old fox said : “ That’s the huntsman’s call,  
Take care ! ”

“ What is the gleam, little brother,  
Showing white in the meadow there ? ”  
“ Oh, the children gather the bramble fruit  
And fill the pails they bear,  
And they dance, white-clad, ’mong the crimsoning  
leaves  
Or the purple beauty share.”  
But the old fox said : “ That’s the glint of hounds,  
Beware ! ”

“ What is the rustle, brother,  
That creeps thro’ the covert there ? ”  
“ Oh, the scent-soaked early morning breeze  
Is stirring the bracken where  
The green turns bronze—quick ! little brother,  
We’d best get back to our lair ! ”  
And the old fox he said nothing, for he  
Wasn’t there.

HYLDA C. COLE.

## BREAKING COVERT.

From the heart of the covert, this way  
Comes the fox . . . the hero to-day ;  
And we gather together our reins  
While our blood dances wild in our veins.  
Hark to that whimper from hounds !  
Most stirring, most thrilling of sounds !

“ We'll wait at the end of this ride,  
He's bound to go out on that side.”

. . . . .  
A pushing aside of branches,  
Hurried, yet cautious, glances ;  
A black velvet list'ning ear  
But never a trace of fear.

A flash from a cunning eye  
To see how the land will lie.  
Questioning muzzle, trailing brush ;  
A quiver, a movement, then . . . hush !  
The glimpse of a waving stern  
And white and tan through the fern !

Sound of a long, winding note,  
The sight of a scarlet coat ;  
The huntsman's cries ringing out loud  
And a silently waiting crowd !  
But he knows. He is not afraid,  
And makes up his mind in the shade ;

Then raises his mask in delight,  
A perfectly beautiful sight !  
Black pads and whiskers, golden coat,  
And a grey shirt up to his throat :  
Gleaming red brush and an artful eye !  
Oh, he glories in having to fly ;

He revels and loves the mad chase !  
No matter how fast is the pace,  
He is game, is game to the last.  
And forward he sets his mask.  
He is off ! He is off ! Hip hurray !

. . . . .  
“ Gone away ! Gone away !! Gone away !!!

G. C. WALLACE.

MINK.

1905—1913.

If this be all, and no shore bounds  
The unknown seas on which you sail—  
No Paradise for little hounds—  
If love and loyalty avail  
No whit, and faith that shamed the men  
Upon whose hearts you laid your spell  
Whose house is desolate—why then  
Sleep well—sleep well.

W. T. C. COCHRANE.

### THE MEET.

Squire and his lady, his lordship and beggar, too,  
Steady there, have a care, who's on the box ?

Anything, surely, with wheels or a leg or two,  
Lumpity, thumpity, after the fox.

Gentlemen, Hounds ! and it's oh, what a stir below,  
Forrard, hark forrard, and who's for the brush ?

EDGAR NEWGASS.

## THE FOX IN AUVERGNE.

The boys of the valley have brought me a fox  
Entrapped in a snare.

This morning, on quitting his hole in the rocks,  
He tripped in a tangle in front of his lair.

Not russet nor red, but a dun-coloured brown,  
'Tis a fox of the hills—

A hunter of partridge, a drinker of rills—  
Now entrapped in a sack to be taken to town.

Will I buy him? Not I! All the poultry-yard clucks  
In alarm at the foe.

A panic of terror has spread to the ducks,  
And the geese stand a-flapping their wings in a row.

Ay! Look at the lamp-coloured glare of his gaze.  
Is it green? Is it gold?

'Tis a fearless dismay and a haughty amaze;  
'Tis the soul of a savage, unfettered and bold.

Ye lads of the furrow and harrow and yoke,  
Is freedom a sin?

These wildings and women are friends and akin—  
Mere vagrants and outlaws, untamable folk!

Here, take him. Adieu! What a noise on the ponds!  
*There's a slit in the sack,*

*Brother Reynard. Be wily! One leap from thy bonds!  
So be off to the mountains and never come back!*

MARY DUCLAUX.

## ANGLING APHORISMS.

Meagre and poor indeed the bag that Fortune sends—  
And only himself to blame who promiseth fish to friends.  
Hope is dead in the bosom : let us rest by the weir  
And hearken awhile to the Stranger, yarning of yester-  
year,

Tales of slaughter and glory, lies without sense or shame.  
Soft, my son, and be quiet ! Next year thou shall do  
the same.

Take heed, my son, of the Alder and learn, without  
surprise,

There is a Tree that feedeth on Artificial Flies.

Wiser to sit and wait and watch till the pipe be out :  
He who covereth pastures rarely covereth trout.

Give both ears to the Stranger, telling thee of the Spot,  
Mark it with care, my brother ; mistake—or fish—it not.

If thou will take Her with thee, look she be large and tall,  
With a hat that shameth the garden, a crimson parasol.

Let her be sprightly and loud as the heart of man could  
wish,

What will allure a Fisher surely will take a Fish !

Delay and your chance will vanish and leave you in the  
lurch :

But delay and delay again or ever you strike your perch.  
Down in the depths of Sheol, doomed beyond hope or  
doubt,

Suffers and toils the seller of hooks that straightened out.  
Why do Sir Durham Ranger and the Earl of Popham  
swear ?

Green is the Isle of Erin and the buyer of waters there.  
Saints there be a-plenty, but never sainted yet  
Who endured on earth the bungle of a brother with the  
net.

W. BERNARD TONKIN.





Yule.

*Wolcum, for love we shall syng,  
Wolcum, Yule.*

*From a MS. Tempo Henry VII.*



## THE HOLY HAY.

*"The country-folk do hold this plant to be, in very truth, the hay that lay in the manger at Bethlehem. And though it were midwinter, the legend tells, it blossomed red."—Old Herbal.*

Melchion, Gaspar, and Balthazar,  
Led aright by the beckoning star  
Come where the gazing shepherds are,  
*I hear a Maid lullaby sing.*

Come where the stable's shelter stands,  
A maiden holds in a mother's hands  
A young child wrapt in swaddling bands.  
*Now hush thee, my heavenly King.*

"Joseph, come rede me this thing," she said,  
"The hay that lies at my young son's head  
Hath blossomed new, as it were not dead,"  
*I hear a Maid lullaby sing.*

And he that stood with the feeding kine  
Answered Mary, "Thy child divine  
Is come, and behold it for a sign."  
*Now hush thee, my heavenly King.*

Mary, O cradle the young child low,  
The night has fallen, the great winds blow,  
And sheep are lost in the driving snow,  
And many are wandering.

God send, we all when He comes our way  
May know Christ's coming and bid Him stay,  
May find new life like the Holy Hay  
And a soul's awakening.

PAMELA GLENCONNER.

## CAROL OF THE HEAVY-LADEN.

Mary Mother had her Child awake upon her knees,  
Bethlehem, in Bethlehem, she was all at her ease.  
“ Wife, good wife,” Saint Joseph said, “ there’re people  
at the door,  
An hundred folk—an hundred folk, and more.  
Some are old and some are sad, some of them are wild,  
A weary folk—a sorry folk, to see our Child.”  
Mary held the little Child safe against her breast—  
“ Heavy Laden ones, behold your rest !  
But, because my Son is young, when you enter here,  
Never strive, nor cry nor groan—nor shed a tear.  
Would you grieve my tender bird, my little lamb snow-  
white ?  
Could you steal away his short delight ? ”  
Then the sorry people cast their burdens all aside,  
They piped and played and merry made that Christmas-  
tide.  
Gentle Christians, come with songs, come with  
garlands all,  
Sigh no sigh and shed no tear—the Baby is so small.

G. JAMES.

## THE RED BERRIED BUSH.

As from the yellow oaken spray  
The leaves are flitting night and day,  
Time, time is passing away ;  
*In te speravi, Domine !*

As this dark-branched fir tree high  
Sways to and fro with deep-heaved sigh,  
Sorrow, sorrow is passing by ;  
*Miserere, Domine !*

As home we bring the holly bough  
To fire and candle light aglow,  
Love, love is passing now ;  
*Te decet hymnus, Domine !*

The oaklogs they shall fill your hall ;  
The green spruce fir shall deck your wall ;  
But the red-berried bush, it cheers us all ;  
*Te decet hymnus, Domine !*

As on This Eve the Mother's face  
Bent down to her dear Babe's embrace,  
Seek we now His sweet solace ;  
*Miserere, Domine !*

And may God's Son of His Mercie,  
Shelter all hearts beneath this Tree  
Of thorny leaves and drops ruddie ;  
*In te speravi, Domine !*

ALICE E. GILLINGTON.



## Winds of Gramarie.

*And I hae been to yon town  
To try my luck in yon town ;  
Nort and Mysie, Elspie too.  
Right braw we were to pass the gate,  
Wi' gowden clasps on girdles blue.  
Mysie smiled wi' miminy mouth,  
Innocent mouth, miminy mouth ;  
Elspie wore a scarlet gown,  
Nort's grey eyes were unco gleg,  
My Castile comb was like a crown.  
We walked abreast all up the street  
Into the market up the street ;  
Our hair with marigolds was wound,  
Our bodices with love-knots laced,  
Our merchandise with tansy bound.  
Nort had chickens, I had cocks,  
Gamesome cocks, loud-crowing cocks ;  
Mysie ducks, and Elspie drakes,—  
For a wee groat or a pound ;  
We lost nae time wi' gives and takes.  
Lost nae time for well we knew,  
In our sleeves full well we knew,  
When the gloaming came that night,  
Duck nor drake nor hen nor cock  
Would be found by candle-light.*

*From "The Witches' Ballad," by William Bell Scott.*





## THE LITTLE GREEN ORCHARD.

Someone is always sitting there  
    In the little green Orchard ;  
Ev'n when the sun is high  
In noon's unclouded sky  
And faintly droning goes  
The bee from rose to rose,  
Someone in shadow is sitting there  
    In the little green Orchard. ' .

I have heard voices calling softly  
    In the little green Orchard,  
When the grey dew distils,  
And every flower-cup fills,  
When the last blackbird says,  
" What, what ! "—and goes her way ; Ssh !  
I have heard voices calling softly  
    In the little green Orchard.

Not that I'm 'fraid of being there  
    In the little green Orchard ;  
Why, when the moon's been bright,  
Shedding her lonesome light  
And moths, like ghosties, come,  
And the horned snail leaves home,  
I've sat there, whispering and listening there,  
    In the little green Orchard.

Only it's strange to be feeling there  
    In the little green Orchard,  
Whether you read or draw,  
Dig, hammer, chop, or saw ;  
When you are most alone,  
All but the silence gone—  
Someone is waiting and watching there  
    In the little green Orchard.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

## THE FAUN.

Yesterday I thought to roam  
Idly through the fields of home,  
And I came at morning's end  
To our brook's familiar bend.  
There I raised my eyes, and there,  
Shining through an ampler air,  
Folded in by hills of blue  
Such as Wessex never knew,  
Changed as in a waking dream  
Flowed the well-remembered stream.

Now a line of wattled pale  
Fenced the downland from the vale,  
Now the sedge was set with reeds  
Fitter for Arcadian meads,  
And where I was wont to find  
Only things of timid kind,  
Now the Genius of the pool  
Mocked me from his corner cool.  
Eyes he had with malice quick,  
Tufted hair and ears a-prick,  
And, above a tiny chin,  
Lips with laughter wide a-grin.  
Therewithal a shaggy flank  
In the crystal clear he sank,  
And beneath the unruffled tide  
A little pair of hooves I spied.

Yet though plainly there he stood  
Creature of the wave and wood,  
Under his satyric grace  
Something manlike I could trace,  
And the eyes that mocked me there  
Like a gleam of memory were.

" So " said I at last to him,  
Frowning from the river's brim,  
" This is where you came to play,  
Heedless of the time of day."

“ Nay ” replied the youthful god,  
Leaning on the flowery sod,  
“ Here there are no clocks, and so  
Time can neither come nor go.”

“ Little goat ” said I, “ you’re late,  
And your dinner will not wait :  
If to-day you wish to eat,  
Trust me, you must find your feet.”

“ Father ” said the little goat,  
“ Do you know that I can float ?  
Do you know that I can dive  
As deep as any duck alive ?  
Would you like to see me drop  
Out of yonder willow’s top ? ”

Sternly I replied again,  
“ You may spare your boasting vain :  
All that you can do I did  
When I was myself a kid.”  
Laughter followed such as pealed  
Through the first unfurrowed field :  
“ Then what mother says is true,  
And your hoof is cloven too ! ”

Ah !—but that irreverent mirth,  
Learnt of the primeval earth,  
Surely was with magic fraught  
That upon my pulses wrought :  
I too felt the air of June  
Humming with a merry tune,  
I too reckoned, like a boy,  
Less of Time and more of Joy :  
Till, as homeward I was wending,  
I perceived my back unbending,  
And before the mile was done  
Ran beside my truant son.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

## RILLOBY-RILL.

Grasshoppers four a-fiddling went,  
Heigh-ho ! never be still !  
They earned but little towards their rent  
But all day long with their elbows bent  
They fiddled a tune called Rilloby-rilloby,  
Fiddled a tune called Rilloby-rill.

Grasshoppers soon on Fairies came,  
Heigh-ho ! never be still !  
Fairies asked with a manner of blame  
“ Where do you come from, what is your name,  
What do you want with your Rilloby-rilloby,  
What do you want with your Rilloby-rill ? ”

“ Madam, you see before you stand,  
Heigh-ho ! never be still !  
The Old Original Favourite Grand  
Grasshopper's Green Herbarian Band,  
And the tune we play is Rilloby-rilloby,  
Madam, the tune is Rilloby-rill.”

Fairies hadn't a word to say,  
Heigh-ho ! never be still !  
Fairies seldom are sweet by day,  
But the Grasshoppers merrily fiddled away,  
O but they played with a willoby-rilloby,  
O but they played with a willoby-will !

Fairies slumber and sulk at noon,  
Heigh-ho ! never be still !  
But at last the kind old motherly moon  
Brought them dew in a silver spoon,  
And they turned to ask for Rilloby-rilloby,  
One more round of Rilloby-rill.

Ah ! but nobody now replied,  
Heigh-ho ! never be still !  
When day went down the music died,  
Grasshoppers four lay side by side,  
And there was an end of their Rilloby-rilloby,  
There was an end of their Rilloby-rill.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

## LES CHIMÈRES DE NOTRE DAME.

The devil leans out over Paris. Says he :—

“ Sweetly on sin have I supped,  
For I look upon men like the Lord, and I see,  
I see that their hearts are corrupt.

“ Little as mice from above they are shown  
With their innocent dogs and their carts ;  
But that which rejoices my nostrils of stone  
Is the rotten sweet smell of their hearts.

“ Under the roofs in uncountable pile  
My banqueting eyeballs behold  
Deep in their hearts what is secret and vile  
And obscene, as I knew it of old.

“ Rocking, at ease, with my hands on my chin,  
I have watched as the centuries waste ;  
Centuries since I was sated with sin,  
But still I am pleased with the taste.

“ Neither the sun, nor the rain, nor the snow  
My vigil shall interrupt,  
For I look on the Earth like the Lord, and I know,  
I know that the Earth is corrupt.”

FRANCES CORNFORD.

## MAYA.

*"Dost Thou not know, O Dreamer, it is all Maya-illusion."*

Where cold the east wind bloweth  
Past frozen pine and fir,  
A grey ass slowly goeth,  
An old man riding her.

His face is lean and bitter  
His eyes are nearly blind,  
His rags perhaps were fitter  
A scarecrow to enwind.

But o'er the heath and grasses  
The shadow following nigh  
Seems of a knight who passes  
With banner borne on high.

A. HEPPLE DICKINSON.

## THE ANSWER.

From farthest East to farthest West,  
And back again, Myself I sent  
To find the Island of the Blest,  
And that old Land of Lost Content.

I found them not—nor any rest,  
And to Myself I made lament :  
There is no Island of the Blest—  
Nor any Land of Sweet Content.

But Myself answered—" Cease your quest,  
Look nearer home, too far you went.  
Love is the Island of the Blest,  
And Work the Land of Lost Content."

TRELAWNEY DAYRELL-REED.

## THE THIEF AT ROBIN'S CASTLE.

There came a Thief one night to Robin's Castle,  
He climbed up into a tree,  
And sitting with his head among the branches  
A wondrous sight did see.  
For there was Robin supping at his table,  
With Candles of pure Wax,  
His Dame and his two beauteous little Children,  
With velvet on their backs.  
Platters for each there were shine-shining  
Of silver many a pound,  
And all of beaten gold, three brimming Goblets  
Standing the table round.  
The smell that rose up richly from the Baked Meats  
Came thinning amid the boughs,  
And much that greedy Thief that snuffed the night air  
His hunger did arouse.  
He watched them eating, drinking, laughing, talking,  
Busy with finger and spoon,  
While three most cunning Fiddlers, clad in crimson,  
Played them a supper tune.  
He waited in the tree-top like a Starling,  
Till the moon was gotten low—  
When all the windows in the walls were darkened,  
Softly he in did go.  
There Robin and his Dame in bed were sleeping,  
And his Children young and fair ;  
Only Robin's Hounds from their dark kennels  
Yelped as he climbed the stair.  
All, all were sleeping, Page and Fiddler,  
Cook, Scullion, free from care—  
Only Robin's Stallions from their stables  
Neighed as he climbed the stair.  
A wee wan light the Moon did shed him,  
Hanging above the Sea ;  
And he counted into his Bag (of beaten silver)  
Platters thirty-three,



Spoons without end ; of jolly golden Goblets  
    He stowed in four, save one ;  
And six thick three-branched Cupid Candlesticks,  
    Before his work was done.

Nine bulging bags of money in a cupboard  
    Two snuffers, and a Dish  
He found—the last all studded with great Garnets,  
    And shapen like a fish.

Then tip-toe up he stole into the chamber  
    Where on silken pillows lay  
Robin and his Dame, in deep, deep slumber,  
    Tired with the summer's day.

That Thief he mimbled round him in the gloaming,  
    Their treasures for to spy—  
Combs, Brooches, Chains, and Rings, and Pins, and  
    Buckles,  
    All higgledy piggle-dy.

A Watch shaped in the shape of a flat Apple,  
    In purest Crystal set,  
He lifted from the hook where it was ticking,  
    And crammed in his pochette.

He heaped the pretty baubles on the table,  
    Trinkets, knick-knackerie,  
Pearls, Diamonds, Sapphires, Topazes, and Opals,  
    All in his bag put he.

And there in night's pale gloom was Robin dreaming  
    He hunted the Mountain Bear ;  
While his Dame in peaceful slumber no wise heeded  
    A greedy Thief was there.

And that ravenous Thief he climbed up even higher,  
    Till into a chamber small  
He crept where lay poor Robin's beauteous Children,  
    Lovelier in sleep withal.

O, fairer was their hair than gold of goblets !  
    'Yond silver their cheeks did shine !  
And their hands that idly lay upon the linen  
    Made that Thief's hard heart to pine.

But though a moment there his hard heart faltered,  
Eftsoons he took them twain,  
And slipped them into his Bag with all his plunder,  
And soft stole down again.

Spoon, Platter, Goblet, Ducat, Dish and Trinket,  
And those two children dear,  
A-quaking in the clinking and the clanking  
And half-bemused with fear—

He carried down the stairs into the courtyard,  
But there he made no stay ;  
He just tied up his garters, took a deep breath  
And ran like the wind away.

Past Forest—River—Mountain—River—Forest,  
He coursed the whole night through,  
Till morning found him come into a country  
Where none his bad face knew.

Past Mountain—River—Forest—River—Mountain,  
That Thief's lean shanks sped on,  
Till evening found him knocking at a dark House  
His wind now well-nigh gone.

There came a little Maid and asked his business ;  
A Cobbler dwelt within,  
And though she much disliked the Bag he carried,  
She led the bad man in.

He bargained with the Cobbler for a lodging,  
And soft put down his Sack  
In the dead of night with none to spy or listen,  
From off his weary back.

And he taught the little Chicks to call him Father,  
And he sold his stolen pelf,  
And bought a Palace, Horses, Slaves and Peacocks,  
To ease his wicked self.

And though the Children never really loved him,  
He was rich past all belief :  
While Robin and his Dame o'er delf and pewter,  
Spent all their days in grief.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

## BOW NINE TIMES TO THE NURSLING MOON.

Bow nine times to the nursling moon  
Over the leaden sea.  
Look how the little waves break and swoon  
On to the beach, and darkness soon  
Will swallow the land and me.  
Bow nine times to the nursling moon.

Out of the cliffs that all the day,  
In the gracious light,  
Stood like Quakers solemn and grey,  
Trickles a slow black stream of clay  
As from an oozing wound, and Night  
Bids her Demons out to play.

Bow to the nursling moon on high,  
Night and Terror are strong.  
The foam at my feet as I pass by  
Gleams like the roll of a Saracen's eye.  
Look not behind where shadows throng.  
Bow to the moon in the Godless sky.

R. F. DARWIN.



Et Puis, Bonsoir !

*The flowers will fade that in thy garden grew  
Sweet violets are gathered in their spring  
White primmit falls withouten pitying.*

*From an Elizabethan Madrigal.*



## VALEDICTIO.

O, wide-spread Earth, and thou the ever restless realm  
Of Neptune, and the pure Air, loved home of the gods,  
Soon must I say, Farewell ! to all. Already the abodes  
Of dark Aidoneus beckon me, and the inexorable helm  
Of Charon. Farewell, then, O Earth, of pleasant ways !  
Farewell Spring and the growing sunshine and the  
lengthening days.

Farewell the yellow autumn fields, wherein appear  
Only the heads of reapers ; and the scythes' wave-like  
sound.

(They are the scythes of Time, to tell us that the year  
Hath turned upon his western course, and Cancer's  
house

And all his domain are a forsaken ground.)

Farewell to Bacchus and the deep carouse ;

To Aphrodite farewell, and Phyllis my last-beloved

And best—who now must cypress wear,

Sad Phyllis, twined about thine amber hair.

Farewell to style and tablets, and the most approved

Of comrades, my lyre, that soundest to no ears but mine.

Farewell music ! And thou, too, farewell ! O poesy  
divine !

C. F. KEARY.

## FETE GALANTE : ADIEU.

Let all be put away—all garments fringed and fine,  
Rouge, rapiers, powder, frills, the mouche of Columbine,  
All gallant, shining things ; the day grows chill ; depart  
Before the last gay love has withered in your heart ;  
Before the wind-swept skies have hurled their torrents  
down.

Is there any shelter anywhere outside the town ?  
There is no shelter—see, the woods are wringing wet,  
And you have lost the buckle from your shoe, Pierette.  
Time to go home at last—put all your gauds away.  
Song fails—old age, ah, me, will it be like to-day,  
A mockery of broken strings and tarnished gold ?  
The woods are wringing wet. Adieu. We have grown  
old.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.



## ET PUIS, BONSOIR !

A shadow in the street, Pierrot  
Among the moonbeams stands,  
Holding a rose-bud, white and rare,  
Meant for your little hands.  
Draw down the blind, Pierrette ! we know  
A bat might reach your hair,  
And in the gold lie tangled there. . . .  
Shut out Pierrot !

Look up the street, Pierrette, Pierrette ;  
Look down towards the sea.  
There is no rich old man to woo you,  
No prince on bended knee.  
Draw down the blind ;—no diamonds yet,  
Only the rose he threw you ;  
The milk-white rose—he thought he knew you,  
Pierrette, Pierrette !

Yet hair turns grey : one moonlight night  
Pierrette may be alone.  
Look out, stoop down, and keep it fast,  
The heart that is your own.  
Ah, but the empty street, all white !  
Ah, has the shadow passed ?  
. . . . .  
Since even love must sleep at last,  
Pierrette, good-night !

MARY-ADAIR MACDONALD.

## FOLD YOUR PALE HANDS.

Fold your pale hands, O night,  
Pure nun who comes to pray  
For the departing day—  
Fold your pale hands.

Tell o'er your beads—  
Dewdrops that where you pass  
Cluster upon the grass,  
Tell o'er your beads.

Light your clear stars,  
Tapers whose holy fire  
Burns with a soul's desire—  
Light your clear stars.

KATHLEEN CLOSE.

FINIS.

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